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A. CORBETT.

LADY CARSON.

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**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: Lady Carson</i>	439, 440
<i>The Compensations of War. (Leader)</i>	440
<i>Country Notes</i>	441
<i>The Swallow-Faring (1914), by Agnes S. Falconer</i>	441
<i>The Wine-Press of God</i>	442
<i>The Treasure Cities of Belgium, by Sir Martin Conway. (Illustrated)</i>	443
<i>Tales of Country Life: Pro Patria, by J. M. Dodington</i>	447
<i>The Big-game Trophies of the Royal Engineers' Mess, by Duncan Campbell. (Illustrated)</i>	448
<i>Agricultural Notes</i>	450
<i>Kennel Notes: The Montbal Irish Terriers, by A. Croxton Smith. (Illustrated)</i>	451
<i>Country Home: Weald Hall, by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illustrated)</i>	454
<i>The Sunbabs' Bath, by Charlotte Pidgeon</i>	461
<i>Cub-hunting and War. (Illustrations by G. D. Armour)</i>	462
<i>Wild Country Life: The Cranefly or Daddy Longlegs, by The Master of Christ's. (Illustrated)</i>	464
<i>In the Garden: Bulbous Plants in Grass and Woodland, by Gertrude Jekyll. (Illustrated)</i>	465
<i>Literature</i>	466
<i>Pan-Germanism (Professor Roland G. Usher); Tributaries; Greylake of Mallerby (W. L. Cribb); Alberta and the Others (Madge S. Smith).</i>	
<i>On the Green, by Horace Hutchinson and Bernard Darwin. (Illustrated)</i>	467
<i>Correspondence</i>	468
<i>Incapacitated Troop Horses; The Conditioning of Remounts; Purchase of Remounts; Wanted: A Village Industry; To Get Rid of Starlings (J. S. Thornton); A Blue Tit Tragedy; To Make Boots Easy and Waterproof; Planting Oak; Travelling Expenses in Olden Days (G. Welburn); What Canada is Doing (Alice E. Gillington); The Stained Glass at Rheims; Killing Algae with Copper Sulphate; The Intelligent Barge Horse; An Ancient Church Porch (Nathaniel Lloyd); Little Wenham Hall (W. G. Holbrook); French and English Bank Notes; To Rid a Dog of Vermin.</i>	
<i>Racing Notes (Illustrated)</i>	2*
<i>Cleaning Waterways</i>	4*
<i>The Automobile World. (Illustrated)</i>	6*
<i>Shooting Notes</i>	8*
<i>The Gazette of Russia and China, by J. H. Miller. (Illustrated)</i>	10*
<i>Women in Canadian Agriculture, by Eveline Mitford</i>	12*

**THE COMPENSATIONS
OF WAR.**

AT the moment of writing, Britain is in suspense, listening for news and watching the progress of the war. The attitude is one of anxiety which yet cannot be accurately described as apprehension. Scarcely is there a family without some member whose life is now or prospectively in danger. Yet it is practically impossible to find a wife, a mother or a sweetheart who tries to persuade the would-be soldier to stay at home. The women deserve the greatest praise. If they have shed tears, it has been in solitude. They have smiled encouragement at parting and repressed sad and wistful looks that might depress their circle. Yet they know war has come—uglier and more terrible than it was before the Crusades. Science has forged new instruments of destruction, so that safety can be insured neither on the sea nor in the air. To these horrors an enemy has added those of the cruellest Pagan times. It has come home to the population of these islands that within a day's journey of the capital the traveller may arrive in lands that were as fair and peaceful as our own two short months ago and now show the desolate ruins of a ravaged country, dead and wounded in the fields, terrified fugitive peasants, evidences everywhere of devastation and pillage.

Yet those who most keenly recognise the evils of war also recognise the good and lasting effects it is already beginning to produce. It has revealed to many a vision of those heights of which Mr. Lloyd George spoke. Some of them

are visible at home. All who have watched the process by which youthful recruits are being changed into soldiers of Lord Kitchener's Army have been surprised at the change accomplished in a very brief space of time. They have seen young lads who had not yet left off their boyish ways, whose keenest argument was about football or cricket, turned into men. It is not military clothing that has brought the transformation about—a considerable proportion are still wearing civilian dress because a Government taken by surprise has not been able to get ahead of the demand for outfit. Drill and exercise account for something, but not for all. They have rid the recruit of his superfluous tissue, and seem to have added to the development of his chest and the squareness of his shoulders, so that he cuts a manlier and smarter figure; but the more purposeful look in his eye and his general air of ripening resolution and responsibility spring from a deeper cause. From various sources we hear that the class of recruit is a very superior one. They are educated and thoughtful young men, who in numberless instances have for the time abandoned professions in which they were rising, and who are fully aware of sacrificing material interest. But this very knowledge has made them apply themselves to the art of soldiering with determination and intelligence. They are impatient about getting to the front, and nevertheless recognise that until they are prepared and equipped they will not be able to do their best. So the drill instructor have most willing and eager pupils. And their devotion to the stern task in hand is bringing out the manhood in them.

Of the soldier in the field it is unnecessary to speak because over the length and breadth of the country there is a pride in those gay and gallant men whose valour and tenacity have, according to a Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, become almost proverbial in France. Other armies go into battle singing their battle songs and getting up a great excitement, ours advance humming a music-hall song or passing jests on anybody and everybody, yet their tenacity is that of their race or the British bulldog. The Germans thought their soldiers incomparable, but they have been made to cut a poor figure beside the English troops, whose insouciance has but veiled their indomitable courage. In the wildest pandemonium of hissing shell and roaring cannon they remain alert and imperturbable, taking wounds or death, if these come, as the risks they had to face. To produce men of this stamp is in itself a compensation for the miseries of war. And at home we, who with folded hands can only await the issue, are passing through a purifying ordeal. The war is making demands upon qualities that peace threatened with atrophy. It has commanded those at home to lay aside their pleasures, and in many cases their business occupations. It has called for patience, self-renunciation and sacrifice. Men, and these the best of their day, are practising a Spartan economy, are forsaking luxury and self-indulgence, are living cleaner, simpler lives on account of the fighting and that they may have something to spare for the sufferer. Nor has there ever been in the history of this country an equal display of valour on the part alike of those who have taken the field and those obliged to suffer at home. It is said that those Frenchmen who at the gates of Paris turned aside with slaughter the onslaught of the Crown Prince and his famous Death's Head Hussars fought as if each was dowered with the strength of three. Within every man was the memory of 1870, and the stern resolution that they would die sooner than have it repeated. The same high motive inspires and animates our own troops. It is true they have no previous invasion to revenge, but there is the threat of one here and now. Everywhere in Great Britain it is recognised that the Germans are not only threatening our existence, but the ideals of honour and conscience and liberty for which we and our fathers have worked for over a thousand years. These emotions sweeping like a flame through nations cannot but purge and purify and enoble them.

OUR FRONTISPICE.

OUR portrait this week is of Lady Carson, elder daughter of Colonel Frewen, whose marriage to Sir Edward Carson took place quietly at Charlton Musgrave on September 17th.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when application is made direct from the offices of the paper. When unofficial requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would at once forward the correspondence to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

SINKING all minor considerations, the country will welcome Mr. Asquith's visit to Ireland as a splendid omen. The feature of his Dublin meeting was its unanimity. The Prime Minister had a magnificent reception from the moment of his entry to that of his leaving Ireland. During the delivery of his rousing speech there was not a single adverse comment interjected, and the addresses of those who followed were in the exact tone in which he had spoken. The meeting was more than one to rouse the country and gain recruits. It was an effective and complete answer to our German enemies, who have gone on hoping against hope that Great Britain in the hour of trial would be weakened by an Irish insurrection. They did not recognise the historical fact that whatever might be the internal troubles of the Sister Isle, Irishmen have ever shown themselves keen and ready to fight shoulder to shoulder with Scot and Englishman. Some of the most illustrious military leaders which Great Britain has ever possessed were of Irish birth. It will never be forgotten that the great Duke of Wellington was an Irishman, and so was the greatest general of the Victorian Period, Lord Wolseley. Lord Roberts, though born in Cawnpore, is also of Irish descent.

At this moment, when so many stables are empty and a large proportion of the grooms gone to the war, there are numbers of hunting men and others who, debarred by age or other important reasons from going to the front, would be glad to assist in the preparation of remounts. To them an excellent opportunity presents itself. Very shortly large supplies of horses will come pouring into England from sources that need not be specified. After a long sea voyage they will be very much out of condition, and the first business will be to get them fit before the beginning of their arduous military training. It is in work of this kind that the many horse lovers whose usual sports have been interrupted can be of the utmost service. Our proposal, made last week to the War Office, that all who have the requisite facilities should volunteer to take charge of as many horses as they can manage, has been acted upon. By this means the horses will be prepared for military training, *i.e.*, got into condition and made handy and quiet to ride. This will greatly relieve the work of the War Office, and open up a way of serving their country to men who have unique experience and knowledge of horses.

Now that farmers are getting on with the autumn preparation of the soil, the Board of Agriculture has issued a timely piece of advice in regard to what may be done to meet some of the consequences of the war. One is the prospect of an inevitable shortage of wheat in 1915-16. Some of the great supplying countries—Canada, the United States, India and, to a lesser extent, South Africa and Australia—will send in sufficient to meet any threat of famine; but the European demands must increase enormously. The countries at war must necessarily be behindhand with the cultivation of crops. Russia cannot possibly grow more

than she needs herself. Germany, even if the war should end quicker than is expected, must depend on imports, especially if hostilities are brought to an end at Berlin. Rural France in the present state of distraction cannot attend to the cultivation of the soil, and the Belgian crops will also require to be supplemented.

In these circumstances the Board strongly advises the British farmer to extend the area under wheat. It is pointed out that on clean land, and with the aid of suitable artificials, good crops of the cereal can be obtained in successive years. There is also much land under grass which would pay for breaking up. Should it be scheduled as grass under the farm agreement, it is suggested that the owner and occupier co-operate as to the advisability of breaking it up in view of the need for increasing home-grown foodstuffs. It was suggested in Parliament that some financial help should be given to the farmers, but the Board holds that recompense will be found "in a higher range of prices than that which has obtained for many years past." This is a statement that all food producers should ponder. They ought to turn every inch of fertile soil to account as soon as they can.

Lord Roberts has completed this week eighty-two strenuous years, and more than sixty of them—a good lifetime in themselves—have been devoted to the unceasing and wholly successful service of his country. At an age when most of his contemporaries are surveying life from an easy chair he is carrying the fiery cross up and down the country with all his Irish enthusiasm, with eye undimmed and force unabated. Great as our preparedness has proved to be, the grim task to which we have set our hand would be easier if his warnings had been heeded, but not a word of reproach has fallen from the great Field-Marshal's lips. Proud as the Army is of him, he, too, may be proud of the splendid instrument which owes so much to his leadership in a series of campaigns, and not less during the preparation in peace for the present conflict. Although his age keeps him from a personal part in the campaign, the splendid example of a life finely and simply lived is a national asset of incalculable value. We need do no more than echo a universal prayer in wishing him many happy returns of the day in happier years to come.

THE SWALLOW-FARING (1914).

The leader of the swallows said
 (O'er Flanders' plain they flew),
 "Methinks I must have missed the way—
 In spring were towns and gardens gay—
 Lo! stones, and smoke, faint blue!"

The leader of the swallows said
 (Sweeping the skies of France),
 "O here in spring this air was pure,
 Which now we hardly may endure,
 We track some strange mischance."

The leader of the swallows said,
 "Take heed you shall not say
 A word in Egypt land of this,
 For every vulture, well I wis,
 Would soon be on the way."

AGNES S. FALCONER.

It is to be hoped that a very generous response will be made to the appeal issued by Princess Louis of Battenberg in favour of the mine-sweepers of the North Sea. These men are facing very great danger. As early as August 24th warning was issued by the naval authorities that the Germans were laying mines far from the shore in the North Sea, and that consequently navigation could only be conducted on the areas kept clear by the trawlers and drifters who had volunteered to do the work. Mine sweepers are not officially in the service of the Navy, and therefore are not furnished with clothes—a very important consideration in view of the wild weather often experienced in the North Sea during the month of October. The aim of the appeal of Princess Louis is to obtain a fund to help them in this respect. Owners of neutral vessels and others who derive a direct profit from the work done by the mine-sweepers ought to contribute to this fund on a scale commensurate with the immense benefit they derive. At the same time, there is a great need of volunteers for the work, which we hope will also meet with a ready response.

The architectural profession is responding vigorously to the call for services of all kinds connected with the war. An Architects' War Committee has been set up and is trying to deal with the many difficulties which have arisen in the building trade. The Architectural Association, to which many of the younger men in the profession belong, has been able to arrange that its members joining various regiments shall serve together. The President of the Association, Mr. Maurice Webb, has set an admirable example in joining the Royal Engineers as a private. The technical knowledge which he and his comrades will bring to sapper's work will make them very valuable recruits, and architects are very much to the fore in the foreign service battalion of the "Artists." Among the most practical activities of the Architects' War Committee are the arrangements whereby the professional work of the younger men who wish to join the forces is being carried on by their older colleagues.

Little provincial towns and large villages are going through an experience which is new to those of the present generation. The country has been turned into an armed camp, and at the beginning some anxiety was felt as to the behaviour of the soldiers of one kind and another who have been billeted on the civil population. That apprehension has been entirely removed. From every part of the country come the very best accounts of the behaviour of the troops. A great change has been effected even since the Boer War. Partly it is due to a change of habit. It was common knowledge that a very considerable amount of drinking took place before the embarkation of the troops to South Africa. To-day the Army is almost teetotal, and, in passing, it may be noted that this is also a characteristic of our Allies. In Russia the sale of vodka has been sternly prohibited, and measures of the same kind have been taken in regard to absinthe in France. Temperance is a distinguishing feature of the Allied Armies. In other respects the behaviour of the soldiers is calling out general admiration. For example, in a cathedral town like St. Albans, where the presence of soldiers is a novelty, although it has been practically turned into a garrison town and is the centre of a considerable army, the soldiers have conducted themselves in a way to command universal respect. Evidently, the officers have issued instructions in accordance with Lord Kitchener's famous letter, and that the men have responded, not in the letter only, but in the spirit.

A very practical appeal has been addressed to the various golf clubs in the country by Mr. Edward Hudson. The request is one for boots. Owing to the shortage of leather, it has been found difficult to supply Lord Kitchener's new Army, and it is suggested that if every member of a golf club would send in a really serviceable pair of golf boots he would be performing a national service. These boots should not be worn out, but in thoroughly good condition and absolutely waterproof. The appeal is made to golfers, but hunting and shooting men, and even amateur gardeners, usually possess good boots they can spare. If the golf clubs would take up the suggestion, it would be easily possible to get together 100,000 pairs of boots. Those who wish to help should send the boots and shoes, carriage paid, to "The Army Boot Store" at the printing works of COUNTRY LIFE, in Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E. There the boots will be graded and passed on without delay to the camps where they are so badly needed.

Sir Almroth E. Wright contributes to the *Times* a most instructive paper on the "Inoculation of Troops" for typhoid fever. Typhoid is the bane of armies in the field. Sir Almroth, in a concise introduction, shows why this is so. In a town we live in "water-tight compartments," and it is easy to cut off communication between infected and uninfected; but in war this structural arrangement is done away with, and men are brought together in indiscriminate and intimate contact, which results in outbreaks of smallpox, typhoid fever, dysentery and other epidemic diseases. He gives one or two statistical tables which very amply bear out the argument. Where soldiers have been inoculated, the number of cases of typhoid has been far less, and so have the deaths. The instances to which he refers as having given exact figures were the British Armies at Ladysmith, the German Expeditionary Force in the Hereros War, experimental units in the Japanese Army and the British Army in India in 1912. If the facts are as stated—and few would care to dispute them against an authority so eminent—the logical conclusion would seem to be that inoculation against

typhoid ought to be compulsory, but a rest of forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four should be allowed.

A very human interest is attached to the article in the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, "Moral Qualities in War." The writer was Major C. A. L. Yate of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, who was one of the first victims of the war, his death in action being announced in the casualty list published on September 3rd. The message he left behind was a very noble one, and if he had been at the point of death when he wrote it he could not have left anything more heartening to his countrymen. Victory, according to him, never has rested entirely with the big battalions. The consciousness of right and justice is in warfare a treasure beyond price. The greatest victories have been won against foreign invasion and the memory of past wrongs or defeat. Physical fitness and a simple standard of living among all classes are the right preparation. Another factor which this soldier gave was absence of materialism among the nation at large. The last of all was an appreciation of the soldier's death. No man will fight well unless he is content to take his life in his hand, knowing that the ultimate duty of every man is to be ready to lay down his life for his country. *Dulce et decorum est* to die for the Fatherland.

THE WINE-PRESS OF GOD.

Immortal Aisne, that English blood
Hath swollen to so deep a flood,
Outrun your hollow banks, that so
The crimson streams may overflow,
And lands new-born of them may be
Rich with the tilth of Liberty.

Oh happy France, whose thirsty plains
Are drenched with England's bleeding veins;
What though barbarian hands despoil
Your vineyards; from their reddened soil,
That Freedom's bravest sons have trod,
Shall spring a vintage sweet to God.

We envy you the long last rest
Of those our dearest, and our best,
The turf that lies so rudely spread
On our imperishable dead.
Oh guard, oh keep—a sacred trust—
The shrines of their immortal dust.

R. G. T. C.

To those who are able to pursue, amid all the anxieties and sorrows of the war, the peaceful study of ornithology it will be interesting to note to what, if any, extent the immigration of the birds due to come to us about this time of year from Central Europe is affected by all the din and smoke of battle prevailing over their accustomed routes of flight. There is a distinct and definite migration stream coming across the North Sea towards the end of September and all through October towards the southern part of our eastern coast, having its centre about the mouth of the Thames. Some of the birds follow our river for some distance inland, and, through Continental Europe they have come along the courses of the Maas, the Scheldt and the Rhine. The birds which use this route to and from our islands are not of the Northern but essentially of the Central European type.

In October the business of planting bulbs begins in earnest, and we hope that it will not be omitted this year. The beauty and glory of next spring depends to a large extent upon the work done now. Our readers will, we are sure, turn with great interest to the article from Miss Jekyll which we publish in the garden section of the paper. Her subject is "Bulbous Plants in Grass and Woodland," and, needless to say, she shows how many delightful and charming effects can be produced. A warning she gives deserves to be emphasised. It is, that for those who are thinking of an important planting of daffodils in an orchard or stretch of thin woodland "the first thing to avoid is the temptation to buy cheap lots of mixed kinds." Unfortunately, there are many cheap lots of kinds that are not mixed, to be picked up, and the lover of beauty should be warned against them also. Anyone who has tried both is well aware that really good bulbs are worth more than the cost, if we regard the pleasure to be obtained from the beauty of their flowers.

THE TREASURE CITIES OF BELGIUM.

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

AFEW days before the war began I was spending a night at Namur. Toward sunset I wandered up the isolated hill above the old Citadelle and just between the confluence of Sambre and Meuse. I suppose there were forts about, but I did not see them; only a big hotel crowned by a dome from whose summit-galleried view was displayed in all directions under the evening light as is to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of few cities. For I could look all along the winding trough of the Meuse and away over a plateau country deeply cut down by countless streams towards the Limbourg Campine in the north and populous Hainault in the west. Downstream were Huy, Liège, Maastricht; upstream, Dinant—all cities of renown in the history of art. For by some strange and as yet altogether unexplained providence, the people of this part of the valley of the Meuse were beyond all others in Europe north of the Alps illuminated by the heavenly flame. No sooner did the Roman Empire extend the warmth of its peace to this land than art here burst into flower. The tombs of Kent contain pretty brooches enamelled at Anthée and wonderful glass goblets of fantastic forms probably made in the same neighbourhood. Barbarian Teutonic hosts swept by and destroyed these industries, but as soon as settled conditions returned, new arts arose to take their place. When the Middle Ages came, the artists of the Meuse valley were again in the van, and wonderful enamelling was once more their secret. It was Godefroid de Claire of Huy for whom the great Suyer sent to aid him in the embellishment of St. Denis—the church whose building and equipment were a turning point in the history of Gothic art. It was he apparently who designed the wonderful windows which Chartres and Canterbury copied. Two hundred years later the artists of the Meuse were providing France with its best sculptors and painters. John Pepin of Huy, and a little later Claes Sluter and many others, came from these parts, the latter, as we may see at Dijon, no unworthy predecessor of Michelangelo, while at the same time the brothers Van Limbourg and the other brothers, Van Eyck, were inventing modern landscape art and innovating towards the technical perfection of laying paint on panels. One of them first

painted a forest tinged with the gold of autumn, another was first to depict a wave breaking on the shore. What the Belgian provinces later accomplished in building town halls and painting canvases is known to all the world. It suffices to cite the names of Roger van der Weyden, Memling, Mabuse, Quentin Matsys, Rubens, Jordaens, Teniers, to awaken countless reminiscences in the mind of every cultivated reader.

Though many of these artists worked abroad for foreign patrons, or exported their best productions to foreign purchasers, a vast number of fine things remained and accumulated in the little country of their origin. Buildings could not be sent abroad, and every little town was full of pleasant structures—not very grand, for the cities were small, and though prosperous, not, relatively speaking, of great wealth. Every house, moreover, belonging to decent people, had nice furniture and many a small object of price. The churches were resplendent with pictures. There was a quantity of



MALINES CATHEDRAL.

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fine plate, carved ivories, nobly printed books—in fact, all sorts of desirable possessions. The curse of an evil fate, however, has made the Low Countries "the cock-pit of Europe." Every neighbouring country has tended to make Belgium the rendezvous for fighting things out with his foe. Generally Belgium had no interest in the quarrel, but her poor folk were harried and slaughtered all the same, and her cities burnt and plundered just as we see them suffering to-day. The map of Belgium that lies before me is dotted over with crossed swords for ancient battles—Fontenoy, Ramillies, Waterloo and how many more? It is a wonder that so much that is precious escaped so many battles and sieges. Finally, in pity, Europe neutralised the country so that a long last peace should reign there, with what outcome we behold to-day.

So near as she is to our shores, Belgium was naturally the district best known to English tourists. The number by whom Bruges, Ghent, Brussels and Antwerp are known must be very great; relatively fewer, but still many, knew the smaller places. Namur, for instance, when I was there the other day, was expecting to entertain upwards of five thousand English pensionnaires this summer! It was not the great sights of the world we went to Belgium to see, but a number of interesting little sights—quaint streets of houses with crow-step gables, small picture galleries, little museums; here a church containing one fine painting; there a town-hall or a guildhall or a belfry, or an ancient hospital or beguinage. There were practically no great hotels, no Carltions or Ritzes, but little old-fashioned inns in by-streets, quiet places frequented also by the local townsfolk, where life and food were pleasantly different from at home.

One never completely exhausted Belgium any more than one can exhaust Italy, or, for that matter, England. When you had seen the large towns there were many smaller, and really more attractive to a foreigner. The great galleries, churches and museums were few, but the little were many, and then the houses of countless comfortably-off families contained treasures which took a great deal of hunting out.



THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

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Bruges, of course, everyone knew more or less well; its picture gallery, its fascinating Hospital of St. John, its belfry with the carillon that tinkled four times in the hour. And everyone had spent at least an hour or two in Ghent and, like Albrecht Dürer, paid a small sum to have the wings of the Adoration of the Lamb opened so that he might see the marvel of the central panels—unquestionably one of the wonders of the world. The wings, indeed, are only copies; twelve of their original painted panels are a chief glory of the Berlin Museum, and it has been suggested that after the war they might make an expiatory journey back to their original position. Brussels naturally attracted crowds of visitors but it is a capital and equipped like another. Antwerp attracted, I think, more affection, for it possesses an indefinable charm, and many a fair treasure lurked within the circle of its mighty fortifications. The chief glories of the great Cathedral are its lace-like spire and the renowned picture of the Descent from the Cross by Rubens. The picture gallery, too, contained many great masterpieces known to all. But Antwerp had not ceased to increase its stock of desirable possessions. It is not so many years ago since the ancient printing house and dwelling of the Plantins was purchased and opened as a public museum, wherein could be seen the old presses and actual types and plates from which were printed books, sought by all the great libraries in the world to-day, and engravings designed by Rubens and artists in his entourage. There is the Meyer van den Berghe collection also, a small but precious gallery founded by his parents in memory of an only son prematurely cut off. Malines, with its ambitious far-seen tower, can never be the same after its recent visitation, and Louvain—alas! what shall we say of it? Louvain, with the town hall, niched, canopied and sculptured over its whole façade like some precious casket; the home of that consummate artist, Dirk Bouts, whose masterpiece was the chief treasure of the now roofless Church of St. Peter. There is, or was, the University of Louvain with its famous library



ANTWERP MARKET PLACE AND CATHEDRAL.

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Braun Clement et Cie.

REUBENS' "DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," AT ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

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now as utterly destroyed as was a much older library in Pekin a few years ago, and by the same incendiaries. My own acquaintance with that library was confined to a single day's work there, five-and-thirty years ago, when I went to describe certain early printed books of which the only copies remaining were preserved within it. I can still remember the peace that reigned within those quiet chambers, the kind helpfulness of the librarian, the atmosphere of learning that brooded over the place, and how, when my work was done, I wandered through the narrow streets and small squares and entered the Church of St. Pierre to see "The Last Supper" and "The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus," by Bouts, which were illustrated in a recent number of this journal, and "The Descent from the Cross," which claimed

to be, but was not, an original painting by the great Roger van der Weyden.

We shall all go back to Belgium again hereafter, and with a new enthusiasm for the gallantry of her much-tried folk. Where the Germans have not been we shall again meet with the old charm, but where they have passed the charm will be gone. New buildings will arise, tasteful, let us hope, and paid for by German money, but in our day they will not compensate for the old. In days far distant, however, perhaps they will more than compensate, for each will be a monument of yet one more heroic age through which the Belgian people have passed, and under the discipline of which they will have been wrought to a yet finer temper even than that they had attained.

TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE PRO PATRIA.

"FATHER!" Bob stood up, a sturdy little Briton of eleven, before his parent's chair. "Can I take the children out in the governess cart to-morrow to see the meet?"

"The children?" Over the top of his newspaper Mr. Brentmore's eyes dwelt quizzically upon his son.

"Yes. Cousin Tom and Cousin Nelly and Cousin Betty. They haven't never seen a meet, any of them, and this is the last chance before the Christmas holidays are over."

"What—Betty, too? Isn't she a bit too juvenile, eh?"

"Oh, father, she's three and a half—and she's awful keen. Ain't you, Betty?"

"'Ess!" blue-eyed Betty announced with immense decision, peering out from under the folds of the table cover which hid her small, rotund person.

"And can I take the new brown pony, father? He's a naiyer to go—when he likes!"

"Hum-m-m." The father pondered. But the new brown pony was a docile animal, without a single discoverable vice, and for a steady jog along the high road to Weatherley Cross and home again—"All right," the pater decided. "But mind you go quietly to the meet, and come home as soon as hounds move off. Betty'll want her dinner, you know."

But next day the nursery meal waited in vain for Betty and Co.

"If you please, sir—" An anxious nurse was waiting as her master descended from his motor at the hall door. (It was rarely, indeed, that Mr. Brentmore missed a meet of the Blankshire Hounds, but on this occasion important business had necessitated his presence in the county town.) "If you please, sir, have you seen Master Bobby anywhere? He's never been home to dinner—and those poor starving lambs he's taken with him—"

"Not home yet! Why—good heavens, it's past three o'clock! Do you mean to tell me they've not got back from the meet?"

"Never, sir, never! Oh, I knew, I knew they'd break their poor neckses, one and all! That Master Bobby, he's that rash—oh, my poor darling Miss Betty! Oh, oh—" and, throwing her apron over her head, Nurse broke into a passion of sobs and wails.

Mr. Brentmore turned rather white. "Be quiet, Nurse, it's all right—no occasion to worry. I'll go back and have a look for them."

He had turned his car and was just issuing from his gates upon the high road when a neighbour rode by. His splashed red coat and lathered steed bore witness that the chase had been far and fast. "Hallo, Brentmore!" he cried. "I see you don't put any particular value on infant life—do you?"

"What d'ye mean?"

"Gad, that youthful party of yours! Never saw such a sight in my life! There was Master Bobby standing up in the cart hoo-rooshing the pony for all it was worth over field and fallow—the babies, all in a jumble in the bottom, shrieking with delight. Never saw such a sight in my life! And, gad, what an eye for country that boy has! Nicked in with us all through the day—topping run the last one was, too, by Jove! I say, that's a nailng pony he's got. Don't want to get rid of him by any chance, do you? For if you think of parting with him—"

"Father! father! Here we are! Hip, hip, hooray!"

Round the bend of the road, at a slow, tired trot, came "the youthful party." From head to foot the brown pony was cased in mud; the governess cart and its occupants were coated with grime. All, from the eldest, Master Bobby, aged seven, to the youngest, Miss Betty, aged three and a half, were hatless; their garments were rent and torn; bleeding scratches showed through the thick covering of dirt upon faces, hands and legs. But all were shrieking to high heaven their triumphant glee. "Oh, father!" "Oh, Uncle Dick!" "Toppin'!" "Bew'ful!"

"I seed 'em, the doggies—'ess, lots an' lots," lisped Betty.

"Go on to the house," said the father, sternly. "You and I, Master Robert, will have a little talk about this by and by!" Then his brows relaxed. "Go and get tubbed, all of you—such abjectly filthy objects I never beheld! . . . Haven't you had anything to eat all this time?"

"No." "No." "Nuffin'." A vigorous shaking of heads.

"Oh, my poor, blessed lamb," wailed Nurse, who, breathless and panting, now arrived upon the scene; "not one single bite or sup since she had her bread and milk at eight this morning. Come, my darling Miss Betty, and get your dinner; you're just perished with hunger, you poor little lamb!"

"I seed 'em, the doggies—'ess, lots an' lots!" crowed the lamb, triumphantly, as she was borne away.

"Well, yes—you may ride him with hounds when you come home for Easter. . . . Yes, your very own. . . . There, now, your train's off. Good-bye, sonny. . . . Yes, yes, your very own."

And, his heart warmed and comforted by his father's promise, his bosom swelling with the thought of glorious days to come when the brown pony—his very own—should carry him gaily "over bank, bush and scaur," Bob once more departed for school.

Easter was long, long in coming, but at last the great day of liberty dawned. And on the very first morning after his return to his parent's roof Bob mounted the brown pony and jogged off to the meet at Fordston Park Corner. A day of days it proved—the chase was far, the chase was fast, but the brown pony lived through it all. Extraordinarily fast for his size, jumping like a little stag, crawling through holes when the obstacles proved too high for even his stout heart, triumphantly he carried his master to glory. As the shadows of late afternoon lay long across the fair stretches of pasture-land, Bob jogged homeward, a truly blissful boy.

All too fast now the days sped, but many a red letter marked them in their flight, many a topping gallop, many a clever turn and twist of his incomparable mount which will live for ever in Bob's memory. And when, all too soon, the inexorable end of the Easter holiday came, it found the hearts of horse and rider knit fast together.

"There'll be no hunting when I come back, worse luck," said Bob, as he stood in the loose-box with the brown pony's muzzle resting on his shoulder. "But we'll have lots of hacks together, won't we, old man?"

In reply came the soft, snuffling snort which the boy loved to hear.

"Only ten weeks or so till I'm back again, old fellow," said Bob.

But they proved such weeks as for years and years of blessed peace England has never known. Weeks heavy with ominous presage of unspeakable carnage to come. Weeks whose signs and portents were well understood by Mr. Brentmore, who, a year or two before, had been made Horse-purchasing Officer for his part of the country during times of mobilisation.

It was a few days before Bob came home for his summer holidays that an order arrived from the War Office: "Have lists in readiness. Be prepared." It was a few days after Bob's home-coming that a second order was delivered: "Remain at home. Await wire." It was long after Bob had gone to bed that night that the door-bell rang loudly through the sleeping house, and a telegraph boy handed in the fateful missive: "Mobilisation. Carry on."

There was no more sleep for Bob's father that night, and but little for many nights to come. Light draughts, heavy draughts, artillery horses, mounted infantry cobs—in neighing, trampling squads they came in. With them had to go a contingent of pack ponies, and these were not easily found. But one there was, an ideal animal of its kind, in the Purchasing Officer's own stable, and the brown pony was entered first upon the list.

"Oh, no, father! No! No! He can't! Oh, don't, don't take him!" In a very agony of pleading Bob clung to his

father's wrist, while a torrent of tears raced down his convulsed face.

A quiver passed over Mr. Brentmore's own as he laid his arm round the boy's shaking shoulders. "Listen, my son," he said, "you know why I take him from you. For no other reason on earth would I ask you to part with him, poor little chap. But your country wants him, sonny. England needs him. Will you let him go?"

For a long moment the boy fought with his choking sobs; then he raised his strained white face, and in the depths of his childish blue eyes shone a something far older than childhood's years. "Yes, father, I'll let him go. I—I want him to go, please."

An instant longer he held his head proudly erect, then the small lips quivered. He laid his face in the crook of his elbow and burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

It was a kindly officer who came to take over the contingent, and his heart was touched at sight of the parting which took place in one of the horse-boxes of the waiting train. "Cheer up, my man," he said, laying his hand upon the little bowed head; "I'll send you his number, and if he and I both come alive out of this little scrap he shall come back to you. I promise you that."

Will Bob and his brown pony meet again? Ah, that lies on the laps of the gods!

J. M. DODINGTON.

THE BIG-GAME TROPHIES OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS' MESS.

C HATHAM, whatever it may be like in ordinary times, is very much alive in these strenuous days. A drive past the Royal Marine Barracks to the Royal Engineers' Parade Ground shows numerous squads of recruits being put through various stages of drill. Recruits, too, of exceptional merit as to physique and general capacity, who are rolling in numbers sufficient to strain to the utmost the powers of the organisation appointed to deal with them. The sudden change from all this life and movement experienced as one steps inside the quiet precincts of the Royal Engineers' Mess is so marked as to be almost startling, though even here may be faintly heard the sound of the tramp of marching

men, accentuated at intervals by bugle calls and the sharp words of command.

Our business here, however, is not connected with the great game of war, being merely to view the celebrated collection of big-game trophies exhibited on the walls. Not that there is not some connection between the two subjects, as the qualities that go to make a successful big-game

shot, i.e., patience, endurance, nerve, a quick eye and straight aim, will surely go far towards turning out a capable leader of men, while the spice of danger which gives the necessary zest to the sport is no bad preparation for the still more dangerous work on active service. There are a few heads in the entrance hall which opens into the ante-room, formerly the dining-room,



SHOT BY FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER.
PAMIR OR MARCO POLO'S ARGALI SHEEP.



NO. 13—MARKHOR (PIR PANJAL).

NO. 140—SABLE ANTELOPE.

NO. 138—KUDU.

but of recent years found to be too small for that purpose. The new dining-room, still further in on the same level, is a magnificent, finely proportioned room, entirely white, and very plain in its decorations. There are some good full-length paintings of members of the Royal family and distinguished soldiers on the walls. Between the ante-room and the dining-room is the conservatory, a long, somewhat narrow room running right across the whole width of the building, and well lighted from the top by a glass roof. It is here that the greater portion of the big-game trophies are displayed under conditions adapted to show them off to the best advantage. There are some more heads in the billiard-room downstairs, but the main exhibits are in the conservatory, where they certainly make a remarkably fine show in respect both of number and quality. Considering the facilities available, with members of the corps spread throughout every portion

by the addition of a good bison or two, also of better specimens of the Kashmir stag (Barasingha), sambar, chital, blackbuck and the thamin or brow-antlered deer from Burma, to give just a few instances. Such additions should easily be made once the want is made known. One specimen (photograph No. 170), especially interesting at the present time, is an ovis ammon poli presented by Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener.

Among other items of interest may be noted a pair of antlers of the long extinct giant Irish elk, excavated in the Sister Isle; a pair of elephant tusks;



NO. 3—IBEX (ASIATIC).



NO. 67—ARGALI SHEEP (SIBERIAN).



NO. 17—ARGALI SHEEP (TIBETAN).



NO. 169—ELAND.

of the Empire, one would expect a collection something out of the common, and this expectation is certainly not disappointed. No special classification of specimens has been attempted by species or locality, but they are arranged so as to obtain the greatest effect.

The heads are also in an excellent state of preservation, being under the special care of an expert, who comes down periodically to overhaul them.

The main idea that strikes one on a general survey of the room is that Africa is represented far more fully than India, Colonel Sir Percy Girouard, K.C.M.G., R.E., having presented a considerable number of heads from East Africa. These with the other trophies make a remarkably fine show, including the antelopes, such as the eland, wildebeest, hartebeest, topi, sable antelope, oryx, lesser reedbuck, oribi, steinbok, kudu, lesser kudu and various gazelles. There are some fine specimens of the Siberian and Tibetan argali, of the Marco Polo's argali of the Pamirs and the ibex. But the Indian section would be greatly strengthened

also a very fine rhinoceros head in one corner of the conservatory. A somewhat mean-looking tiger's head challenges one's curiosity as to the reason for its presence, a query at once answered by a perusal of the inscription underneath, which

reads as follows: "Garenga Man-eater. Killed 47 persons Shot in Chitringi Valley, 8th March, 1904, by L. Oldham, R.E." This tiger claimed a fair but not inordinate number of victims, as the writer knows of more than one instance in the Central Provinces of India where a man-eater has got well into his second century of victims before being accounted for. It is a somewhat gruesome experience, when looking round the bare whitewashed walls of a dak bungalow where one is putting up for the night, to come across a list of the names of villagers killed by a local man-eater, the last perhaps carried off only a day or two previously in a jungle through which one has to pass next day. It is, in the nature of things, very difficult to get a shot at a man-eater, the usual means of locating him by tying up young



NO. 142—AFRICAN BUFFALO.

buffaloes being quite useless, as he will not even look at them, and a beat being, of course, quite out of the question; so there is a great deal of luck in bringing him to book. In one authenticated case in Central India an officer sat in an iron-barred cage carried at the back of a bullock-cart through the jungle frequented by a man-eater which was in the habit of taking men off carts. On this occasion the coup came off successfully, but the method adopted is not recommended for imitation. A man-eater, however, is a trophy of which anyone may be proud, and the successful sportsman has the satisfaction of knowing that he has rid the country-side of a terrible scourge, and that his name will be handed down from generation to generation of natives in grateful remembrance.

It has, of course, been impossible to show here more than a few heads out of the whole collection; but typical and outstanding specimens have been selected for reproduction, and thanks are due to the mess President for his courtesy in placing the Regimental Big-game Record at the writer's disposal, from which the following particulars have been taken:



NO. 35—ROCKY MOUNTAIN WAPITI.

No. 169. Eland; scientific name, *Oreas canna livingstonei*. Locality, East Africa. Shot by Major G. E. Smith, C.M.G.

No. 140. Sable antelope; scientific name, *Hippotragus niger*.—Length, 45in.; tip to tip, 14½in.; base girth, 10in. Locality, Nyasaland. Lent by Captain Bald.

No. 142. African buffalo; scientific name, *Bos (Bubalus) caffer*.—Length, 45½in.; tip to tip, 26in.; base girth, 21½in. Locality, Nyasaland. Lent by Lieutenant J. Benskin.

No. 138. Kudu; scientific name, *Strepsiceros capensis typicus*.—Length, 42in. (straight); tip to tip, 31in.; base girth, 10½in. Lent by Captain Bald.

No. 67. Siberian argali sheep; scientific name, *Ovis ammon typica*.—Length on front curve, 48in.; circumference, 25in.; tip to tip, 19½in. Presented by Major Devagne, R.E.

No. 170. Pamir or Marco Polo's argali sheep; scientific name, *Ovis ammon poli*. Presented by Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener.

No. 17. Tibetan argali sheep; scientific name, *Ovis ammon hodgsoni*.—Length on front curve, 44½in. (broken); circumference, 18in.; tip to tip, 20in. Date, 1900. Presented by Major-General G. A. Craster, R.E.

No. 3. Asiatic ibex; scientific name, *Capra sibirica*.—Length on curve, 35in.; circumference, 9½in.; tip to tip, 27½in. Date, 1900. Shot and presented by Major-General G. A. Craster, R.E.

No. 13. Pir Panjal Markhor; scientific name, *Capra falconeri cashmiriensis*.—Length on outside curve, 48in.; length in straight line, 38in.; circumference, 11½in.; tip to tip, 37½in.

No. 145 Indian bison (gaur); scientific name, *Bos (Bibos) gaurus*. Presented by Captain C. H. Foulkes, R.E.

No. 82. Indian buffalo; scientific name, *Bos (Bubalus) bubalis*.—Length on outside curve, 45in.; circumference, 12in.; tip to tip, 31½in.; widest inside, 45in.; widest outside, 50in.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

WHY KILL THE PIGS?

GWHERE one will at the present one will find a veritable slump in the prices of store pigs, and even so a difficulty in securing a prospective customer at these slump prices. With war raging, such a state of affairs should not exist, having due regard to the present prices charged retail for bacon. The reason of the present slump was undoubtedly due to the panic prices paid for feeding stuffs in the week following the declaration of war. There is not the slightest doubt but that fortunes were made in those few days mainly at the expense of the agricultural community. But, happily, the days of these exorbitant values are passed, and pig feed is quite reasonable if buyers only set about the right way of obtaining it. There are all kinds of substitutes for the pure article on the markets at present, and about the most foolish thing that the pig rearer can do is to buy so-called meals of any kind. At the present moment anything that will grind is being made up into meals. I can hardly ever remember seeing such quantities of heated and otherwise damaged maize on open offer in our corn markets. This maize must go somewhere; ground up with oat husks very finely it makes quite a presentable-looking meal, a bushel of barley thrown in, and there is a sack of barley meal retailing at as high as 17s. per sack of 200lb. The feeding value of this is not in comparison with the price paid. Why it is paid is due to the conservatism of the farmers. They have always fed their pigs on barley meal, and will continue to do so as long as they can get it. When they cannot they fall back, not on their own, but other people's resources, and are quite naturally made to pay for it. At the present moment they need not do so, as, thanks to the Government prohibiting the exportation of feeding stuffs, there is a big bulk of millers' offals that must now find its vent in the English market instead of being shipped to Denmark and Sweden to be there utilised to produce beef, dairy produce and bacon to feed the Germans



NO. 145—INDIAN BISON.

widest outside, 49½in.; points, 6 + 6. Locality, Wyoming. Date September 23rd, 1893. Lent by Major C. C. Ellis, R.E.



NO. 82—INDIAN BUFFALO.

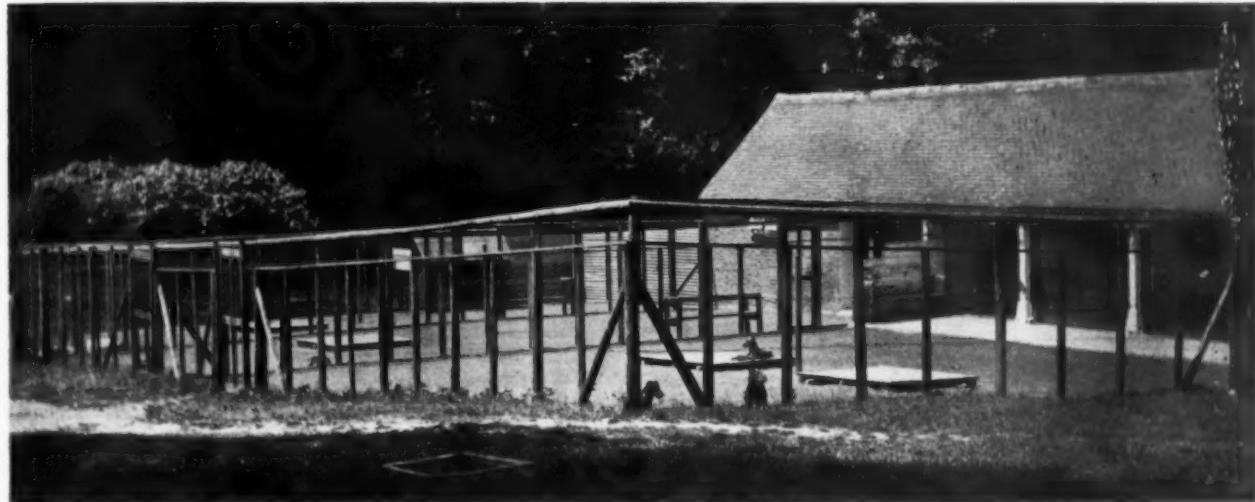
with. Now, it has been set down that it takes from 5½lb. to 6½lb. of meal to produce 1lb. of dead pig meat. It is an easy calculation on this basis to see whether pork or bacon production pays or not. The present price of bacon pigs is 7d. per pound. Now barley meal at 17s. per sack is as near as possible 1d. per pound. If it costs 6½d. to get 7d., what is left to pay for the pig to start with? Naturally, the farmer thus prefers to do without the pig. At the present moment there is an abundance of kiln dried damaged maize on offer at £1 per 480lb., bran can be bought at £5 per ton, and sharps at £7 5s. per ton. Now, if equal portions of these are steeped in water for forty-eight hours and then mixed with the ordinary swill and small potatoes boiled up, this will constitute a ration on which not only will the pig thrive, but fatten. If some cheaper oatmeal can be secured it will help to strengthen the food; it will be found that this will work out at rather less than three farthings per pound, and a margin of profit will be left on the feeding of the pig; therefore pigs can be kept with some certainty of profit. Of course, there are other feeding stuffs, home-grown and otherwise, available for fattening pigs, while running sows will do well with a trough of water, a pitch of clover hay and a few roots

thrown to them. A good many that keep pigs do not know how freely sows will eat clover hay and thrive on it during the winter months. There is not the slightest doubt that pigs will be much dearer towards the spring. With her agriculture thoroughly disorganised, Germany must import food and, consequently, she will offer such values that Denmark, Holland and Sweden will send their bacon supplies there instead of sending them to England. In America there are fewer pigs coming into Chicago than there were twelve months ago, and, despite serum treatment, hog cholera and other diseases are very prevalent. So the one-pig man should put a grunter in his vacant sty instead of allowing it to remain vacant.

In cases where the one-pig man has a large garden or allotment with a profusion of vegetables, as is pretty certain to be the case this year, he will be well advised to buy two little pigs, as they do well together and would consume to advantage the vegetable waste. If he has a good crop of potatoes it would perhaps be better still for him to get a yelt or young sow. He would probably obtain a good price for her progeny next year, and she is more easily fed, as she will eat small potatoes and a great deal of that sort of thing without boiling.

KENNEL NOTES.

THE MONTBAL IRISH TERRIERS.



MONTBAL KENNELS.

HERE is something peculiarly attractive about the Irish terrier, whether he is regarded as a sportsman or companion, and it is good to feel that, after suffering from dissensions among breeders, he is once more rapidly coming into his own again. Whether or no the terriers of today are an improvement upon their predecessors of fifteen or twenty years ago is a matter for the experts to decide, but as far as I can gather from conversations with breeders, I am disposed to think that there is not much wrong with the modern exponents of the breed. Mr. F. M. Jowett, who should certainly know what he is talking about, wrote to me two or three years ago: "In my opinion the show dogs of the present day, generally



PAT, MR. BALLARD'S FIRST IRISH TERRIER.

speaking, are better than they ever were in the history of the breed," and I imagine nothing has occurred since to change this optimistic view. The great difficulty all along has been to get a long, clean terrier head in conjunction with a straight, red, hard coat. Most of the earlier show dogs had an awkward tendency to produce light coloured, lousy jackets that grew very untidily, and the curious thing was that those with the most correct coats usually had the worst heads. The improvement that has been noticed during the last few years is very striking, and the impression one gathers is that excessive preparation for the show ring is no longer necessary, speaking broadly. Another authority may well be cited in support of this contention, viz., Mr. Reginald Everill, who, in

his "Kennel Encyclopedia" article, after declaring that one now rarely sees a really bad-coated terrier, goes on to say: "Notwithstanding those critics who are prone to swear by the dogs of bygone days, and who declare that Irish terriers of the present day have not improved as they should have done, the writer holds an entirely opposite opinion, and takes the liberty of suggesting that the lasting but erroneous impression which a youthful admiration often leaves, tends to warp their judgment."

Although it is true, as a rule, that the Irishman is not equal to the fox-terrier in front and feet, yet representatives of the breed have met and defeated in all-round competition the finest terriers of other varieties that could be brought against them, from which we may infer that there is not much wrong with them. The victory of Champion Killarney Sport twice in succession at the Kennel Club Show for the champion of champions trophy is still fresh in the mind, and at the Dublin Terrier Show last year Champion Botanic Gael, then little more than a baby, after being awarded the challenge certificate, beat two of the best fox-terriers of the day in the open competition. I am specially mentioning this dog, as we are able to give his picture this week, together with those of other notabilities owned by Mr. Montague Ballard of the Montbal Kennels, Tovil, near Maidstone. In his determination to get under one roof an unsurpassed collection of Irish terriers, Mr. Ballard purchased Botanic Gael at Manchester the following week, where he was reserve champion, for the substantial sum of £300. Since then he has met and beaten practically every celebrity of his breed, in a few outings securing between twenty and thirty prizes and four challenge certificates.

Sweetest praise of all, perhaps, in the chorus that has been raised is that from Mr. C. J. Barnett, who, after giving him the championship at the Ladies' Kennel Association, wrote: "He has a real sound coat and beautiful colour right down to his toes. He put me very much in mind of Ch. Breda Muddler, his type and real Irish character placing him very easily first in his class." Breda Muddler, one may recall, was noted for his



MAUREEN MONTBAL.

beautiful coat and colour, which seemed to have been stamped into him by forbears especially strong in these respects. Mr. Barnett's encomiums are all the more valuable because of the pronouncedly critical attitude he has taken up on occasion.

No longer to be met in public, Champion Bawnmore Fuss would still add lustre to any establishment. In a brief show career she secured over forty first prizes and specials, including the Graham Memorial trophy, and challenge certificates at Belfast, Edinburgh and the Crystal Palace in 1912. She is now kept at home to breed future champions, let us hope. Kitty Montbal is a charming bitch, full of quality and type, who, thanks to an attack of distemper, never appeared in public as a puppy. Indeed, before coming out she was the mother of a litter by Botanic Gael, which contained, among others, Merlin Montbal. On starting, however, she made up for lost time by winning twenty-three prizes, mostly firsts and specials, at nine attempts. Merlin Montbal, already mentioned, was a puppy of distinction in the last few months, having won thirty-three prizes, including two firsts and the special for the best puppy at the London Irish Terrier Club Show. At Newport he picked up the 100 guinea challenge cup for the best puppy; Eastbourne saw him taking the silver cup for the best graduate dog in the show, and at Windsor, Newbury and Richmond he came out top of his classes.

The gem of the kennel, however, perhaps one may say the gem of the breed, is that exquisite little lady, My Lady Montbal, who was bred by Mr. G. Turner in March of last year, by Kelvin Commander out of Maureen Montbal. One cannot speak of her in ordinary terms, so high are her merits. Coming out at Newport (Mon.) in July last, she set up a sequence of six firsts, the challenge certificate, and the special for the best in the show, among those she had to meet for the last being the crack fox-terrier, Champion Levenside Luke, and the well known bull bitch, Champion Columbia Rose. Next day at Eastbourne her score was six firsts, two seconds, one third and a silver cup outright for the best Irish terrier. The seconds and third it should be explained, were in general competition, as she has not up to the present met defeat in her breed classes. The



THE GEM OF THE KENNEL.



T. Fall.

MY LADY MONTBAL.

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following day she was at Windsor, where seven firsts were awarded her, as well as seconds and thirds in variety classes. Thus, on three consecutive days her bag comprises thirty firsts and specials, four seconds, two thirds and a couple of silver cups. Then came a pause owing to the outbreak of the war, but when she does appear again, one may be sure that she will be one of the events of the show. At Eastbourne, unless my memory plays me a trick, she was put over her illustrious kennel companion, Champion Botanic Gael. Maureen Montbal, as the dam of such a beauty, deserves a place in our portrait gallery, and here she is. Strange to say, she has never been shown, but it is believed that she will almost duplicate her daughter's performance when she does come out. Another photograph is of Mr. Ballard with Pat. Pat, the first Irish terrier ever owned by his master, was a constant companion until death overtook him in untimely manner through a bone getting into his throat.

From this short survey of nine months' operations—this being the first year that the Montbal kennel has started exhibiting—one may gather that Mr. Ballard has chosen his stock with rare judgment, and to have bred Merlin Montbal and owned My Lady Montbal in these few weeks is somewhat of an achievement. I am glad to think that the Montbal terriers are all blessed with remarkably good coats, alike in colour and texture. The value to any breed of such a specimen as My Lady Montbal is unquestionable, and should she continue to do well, she will be the means of imparting a stimulus to the variety as a whole. At Newport she was the centre of interest, and a constant stream of visitors set in towards her bench. I was not present



CH. BOTANIC GAEL.



MERLIN MONTBAL.



T. Fall.

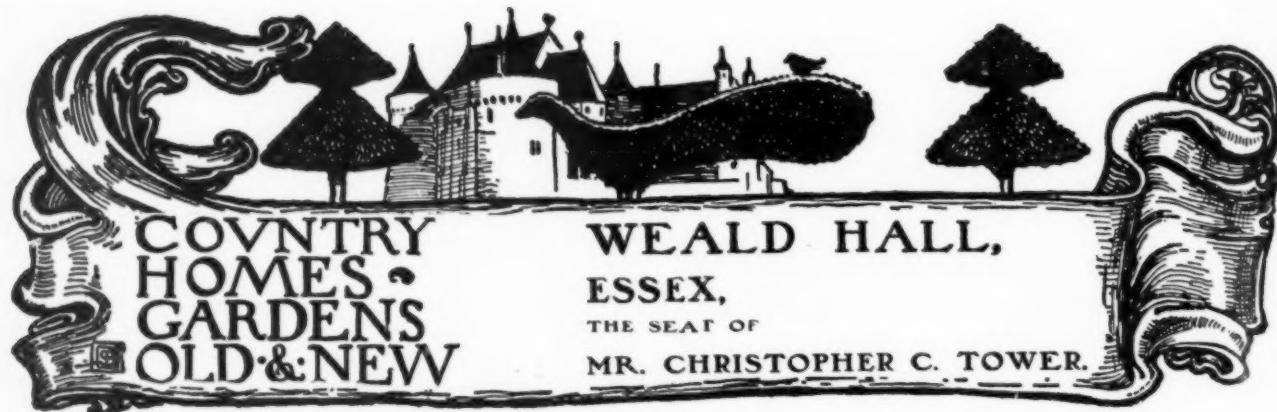
KITTY MONTBAL.

myself, but at Eastbourne and Windsor men who knew what they were talking about advised me to look her over, speaking in highest terms of her style.

It is just as well that the general public should have an eye upon the breed, for with a little help it should soon regain the strength of ten years ago. Recruits are coming along fast, and indications suggest that a boom is not beyond the bounds of possibility. The public, of course, has always been staunch, recognising that in the terrier from Ireland they had a companionable dog of stout heart, unimpeachable fidelity, sound sporting instincts and excellent manners. He is not nearly as quarrelsome as some of equally high courage, but if provocation is forced upon him it is all Lombard Street to a china orange on our friend, unless hopelessly outweighed. In one respect he is particularly suited to town life, his coat not soiling as easily as that of a white dog. The Irish Terrier Association description of his disposition suits him admirably: "Dogs that are very game are usually surly or snappish. The Irish terrier as a breed is an exception, being remarkably good-tempered, notably so with mankind, it being admitted, however, that he is a little too ready to resent interference on the part of other dogs. There is a heedless, reckless pluck about the Irish terrier which is characteristic, and, coupled with the headlong dash, blind to all consequences, with which he rushes at his adversary, has earned for him the proud epithet of 'Dare Devil.' Too large to go to ground, in every other point they answer all the requirements of the most exacting sportsman, being ready for any vermin that runs."

A. CROXTON SMITH.

Copyright.



AS one of the earliest portions of the Forest of Essex to be inhabited, South Weald boasts of a long domestic ancestry. The varied nature of the country, with its sharp rises and descents, its finely wooded character and beautiful forest trees, makes the idea of a Roman summer camp, *Castrum Exploratorum*, seem very natural to those who have experienced the Roman eye for locality. This camp lies to the north-west of Weald Hall, and encloses seven acres. It is circular and single ditched. The fact of the circular shape points rather to an earlier origin. Harold granted the manors to his favourite foundation, Waltham Abbey. No less than six manors are reckoned in the parish—South Weald, Boyles, Caldecots, Brentwood, Downells and Ropers. The ancient church of Brentwood was no more than a chapel of ease to St. Peter's, South Weald, which shows Norman work in its structure, although its present boast is a fine perpendicular tower, which is a landmark for the countryside. On February 26th, 1540, Henry VIII. granted South Weald to Sir Brian Tuke, Treasurer of his Chamber, for £883 6s. 8d. Seven years later it came to Sir Richard Riche, and then was in the family of Sir Anthony Brown up to 1667. A fine charter of Charles II., relative to the right of holding a fair, is in the ancient iron muniment chests of Weald Hall. It is a lavishly ornamented document with two side borders, the top left-hand adorned with a good portrait of the Merry Monarch. The estate was sold to Sir William Scroggs, Lord Chief Justice, who retired here in 1681 on his removal from the Bench after a threatened Parliamentary impeachment. He died in 1683, and his eldest son parted with it to Erasmus

Smith of Clerkenwell Green. He was an educational benefactor and his portrait is preserved at Christ's Hospital. He died in 1691 and left six sons, the fourth of whom, Hugh Smith (1672–1745), survived. Samuel Smith, the eldest, died in 1732(?), in whose family it remained until 1759. The old Tudor brick mansion was forcibly brought up to date between 1700 and 1716, and the later date is to be seen on the leadwork of the newer gutters. A south front of that period was built about a yard in front of the old brickwork of the wings, with an Ionic centrepiece. The Smith family may be assumed to have created the great hall, equal to two stories in height, by roofing over the space between the two projecting wings customary in Tudor houses. To the right of the hall a fine saloon was formed, finished in the style of the early Georges, work such as we see in the buildings of James Gibbs, who was accustomed to employ Italian plasterers. The hall ceiling is a lighter version of the Inigo Jones style, as at Coleshill, in general design, but filled in with ornamentation borrowed from France rather than Italy. The stone staircase behind the new hall thus formed is balustraded in wrought iron of the well known Wren type, and the drawing-room adjoining has a fanciful ceiling that seems to be inspired by *repoussé* silver work. In this room hang two finely harmonious Mortlake tapestries in which shaded tones of blue set the key of the colouring. The florid plasterwork that must have appealed to the Early Georgian owners is found upstairs in some of the bedrooms as well, and it is probable that there was an upper sitting-room, or boudoir, as there is an ante-room which is equally lavishly decorated. It is worth while to dwell on the general



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WEALD HALL: THE EARLY GEORGIAN FAÇADE.

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DETAIL OF THE PORTICO: FACADE OF THE GREAT HALL.

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character that had been imposed on the venerable Tudor hall, with its brick mullioned windows, twisted chimneys and gables supported by octagonal shafting, in order to understand the position at the moment when Robert Adam was called in to alter and redecorate. On the saloon walls, framed with heavy stucco scrollwork, are large paintings from scenes in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." We see Geoffrey Bourdillion in the foreground with the towers of the Holy City; on the hills behind, the heroines burning at the stake, and the heroes wounded and attended by their ladies. Framed also on the walls are marble medallions of Italian worthies, such as Petrarch, Machiavelli and, lastly, the sculptor himself. The mantel-piece is an elaborate composition, with niches,



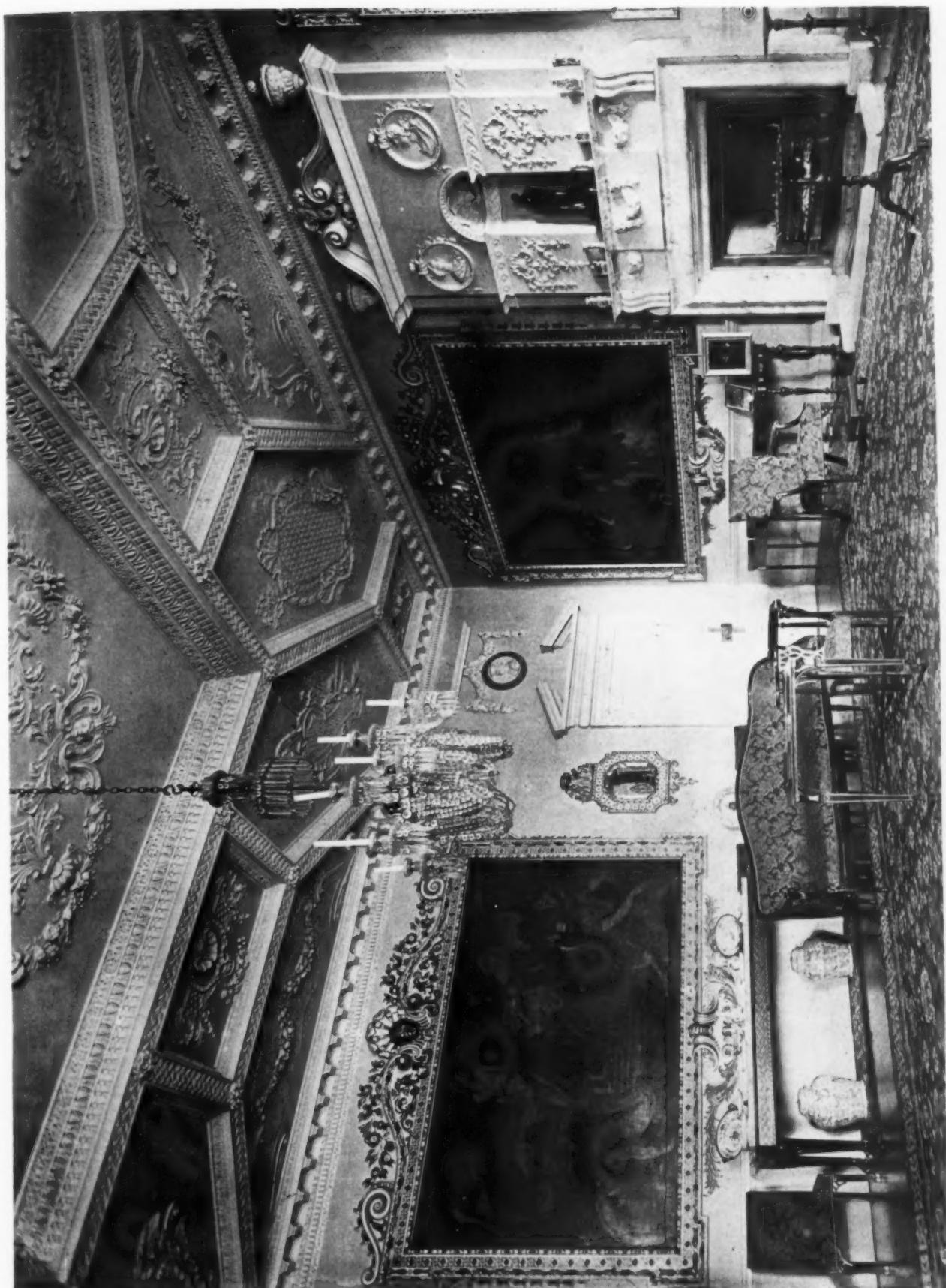
Copyright THE ADAM MANTEL-PIECE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. "C.L."

November of that year Robert Adam was designing fresh decorations for the new "eating-room" to the left of the great hall. This is practically a new room, believed to have been formed by uniting two of the older and smaller rooms,

scrollwork and a broken pediment. Hugh Smith, who had survived his brothers, married Dorothy, daughter of the Hon. Dacre-Lennard Barret. He left two daughters co-heirs, Dorothy and Lucy. Both married in 1746, Dorothy to the Hon. John Smith Barry, fourth son of James Earl of Barrymore, and Lucy to the Right Hon. James Stanley, eldest son of Edward Earl of Derby. In 1759, Thomas Tower purchased the property, and held it until his death in September, 1778. As he died unmarried, it came to his nephew, Christopher, of Huntsmoor Park, Bucks, and in October and



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THE GREAT HALL WITH AN OLD LANDSCAPE OF WEALD HALL.

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which had probably escaped the hands of the Georgian innovators and still remained Tudor. An older staircase was replaced by another built behind the new room, and this has again been replaced in oak. Adam had no love of the Early Georgian, which he conceived it his mission to reform. We can therefore quite believe that hall, saloon and drawing-room would not have escaped him had the circumstances of the time been more propitious. He did prepare drawings for a new drawing-room ceiling which was not carried out: only the marble mantelpiece in that room shows his hand. The eating-room is the only room which is characteristic of Adam. The ceiling is a fine example, very delicate and refined, particularly in contrast to the florid plasterwork in the rest of the house. It was to be relieved in tones of blue, and that idea has been maintained. The mantel-piece in white marble is a good example of the curious type of pilaster which he sometimes affected. The curtain boxes are substantially as designed by him, but the tower cresting is either missing or, perhaps, was omitted. The sideboard and pedestals, with vase wine-coolers, are also his, but slightly reduced in cost of execution from the existing drawing. A pair of gilt console tables, with marble tops, are also in the style. The interesting folding fire screen is filled in with coloured engravings dated 1786. Adam intended to enlarge the library and to put in two columns, but this was left to a later date, and the room as remaining is a very pleasant example of the simple,

unadorned wood panelling which Wren had made universal in England. The new design of November, 1778, for the drawing-room, the walls set out with pilasters and Adam mirrors, was left unfinished, though the colouring in green and gold is suggested on the drawing, and the work was certainly never executed.

There is a great wealth and variety of furniture in Weald Hall. Chippendale is well represented, and the lacquer, in black, red and gold, is very notable, many pieces being decorated with the arms of the Tower family. The cabinet



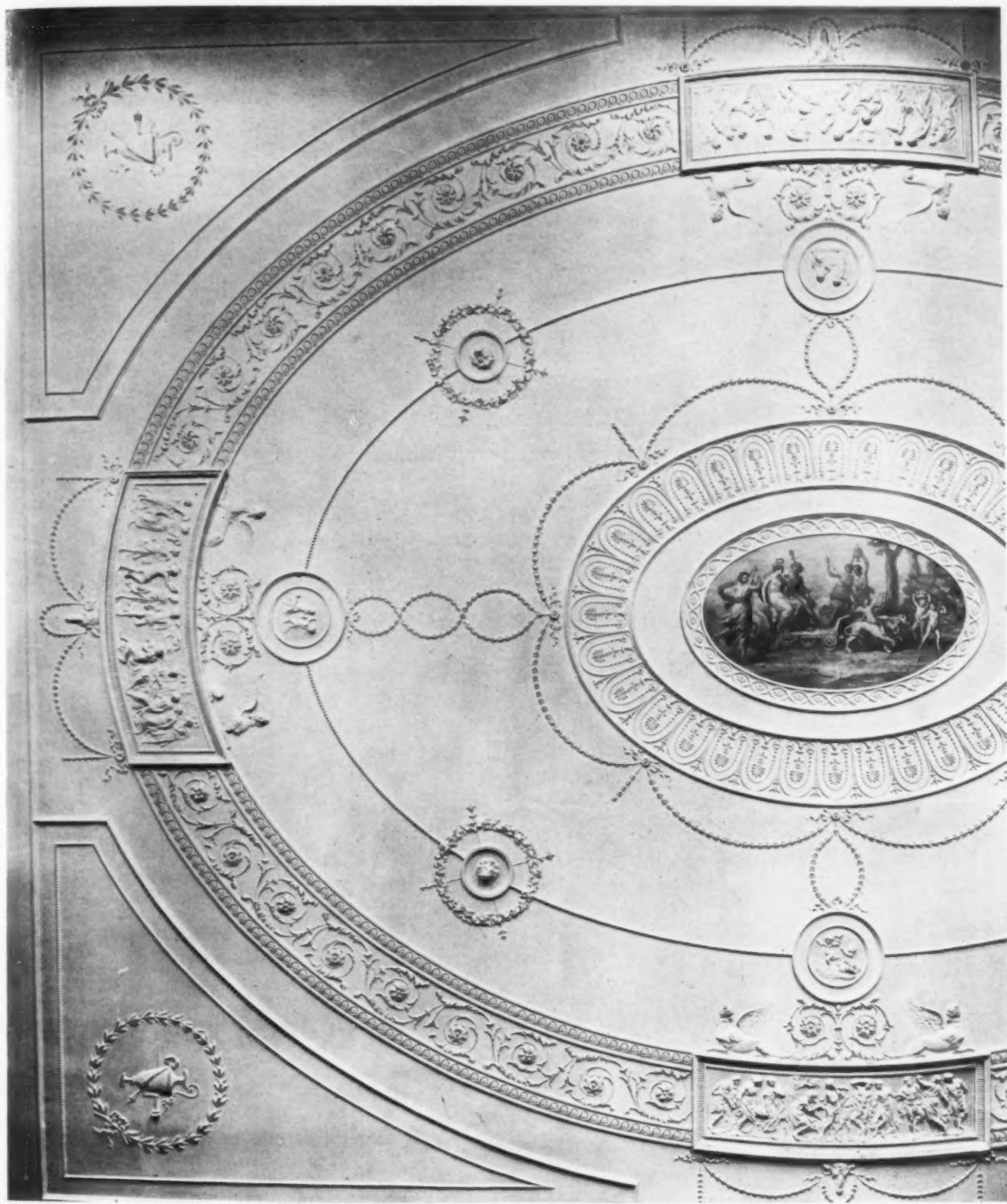
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ADAM MANTEL-PIECE IN THE "EATING ROOM."

"C.L."

on the staircase is a particularly fine example, with its folding doors and interesting interior. The black lacquer tables are noteworthy, particularly the triangular one : the tops are dished like trays. There is a wonderful collection of china ; the set of Blanc de Chine in the drawing-room is particularly noticeable. There is a set of green Sèvres as well, and much nankin in blue and white. The owner at this epoch took great delight in dogs, and an interesting scheme by Adam, which appears not to have realised,

dwarf piers and arches, and its original purpose is not clear. One of the greatest curiosities, however, is a design for a thatched hut in a sort of rustic Palladian style. It is in two storeys, with a central and two half pediments. It is not clear what it was intended for, but it may have been a tea pavilion, such as Adam was often asked to design at this epoch. The design is dated October, 1778. It may have been the mistress's counterpart of the master's dog kennel, and both were probably cut out.



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CEILING BY ROBERT ADAM FOR THE "EATING ROOM," 1778.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is one for a complete dog kennel establishment. The building was to be a rotunda of 30ft. in diameter, with oblong wings on either side connected by two short links. Behind was to be an extensive yard divided into four divisions, with a circular water tank and two corner pavilions about 20ft. square inside. The design is architectural in treatment, very simple and attractive. There is nothing to show that anything was built, except that there is a curious square brick structure, with a pyramidal tiled roof at the top of the walled garden. It is supported on eight

Christopher Tower was son of the elder brother of Thomas Tower, and though he had succeeded to the Huntsmoor property in Buckinghamshire in 1771, he seems to have preferred to live at Weald. He married, in 1772, Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. George Baker of Elmore Hall, Durham, and he had seven sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Christopher Thomas, succeeded in 1810, and he lived to the great age of ninety-two, dying in 1867. His son Christopher transferred in 1868 the Essex Estate to his son Christopher John Hume, whose son, Christopher Cecil, is the present owner.

[Oct. 3rd, 1914.]



Copyright.

THE TEMPLE WITH STOREY ADDED BY THOMAS TOWER.

"C.L."

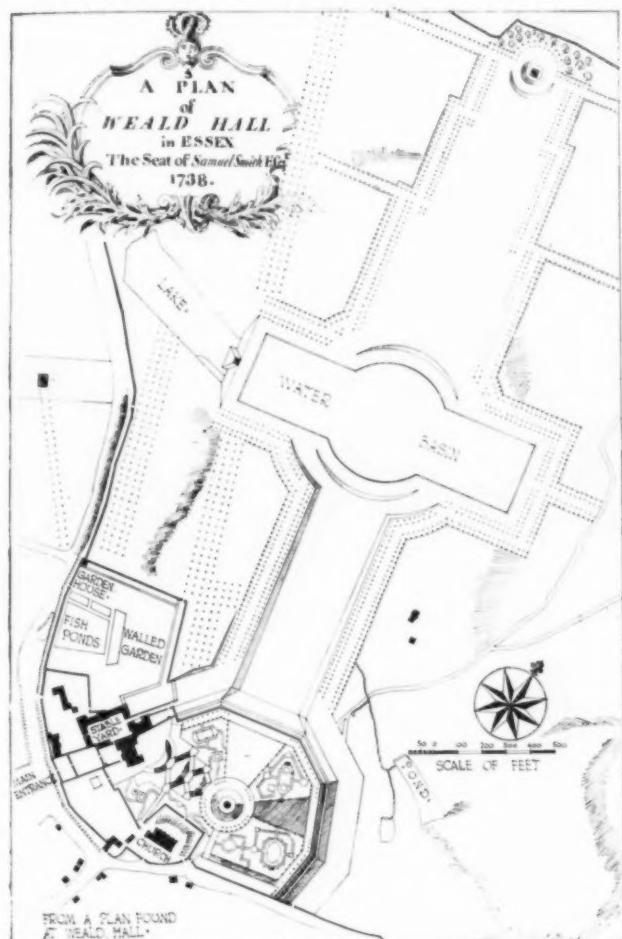


THE OLD BANQUETING HOUSE IN THE FRUIT GARDEN, KNOWN AS QUEEN MARY'S CHAPEL.

It remains to tell of the most interesting garden scheme. A search in the muniment room chests has produced three interesting papers. The first is a survey of 1738, which appears to give the complete scheme of the magnificent lay out. Whether it was all done is not clear. The heading is "A Plan of Weald Hall in Essex the seat of Samuel Smith Esq. 1738." There is a very inferior estate map of 1743 which does not show this garden, but that is clearly mere inaccuracy, because a later map shows the main features, as drawn in 1738. The lake, however, is shown in the "natural style" as at present, and it is not clear that the fine water basin with the bordering tree avenues and the end obelisk ever existed. There was a great destruction of such water features all over England, thanks to Capability Brown and his sham rivers and lakes, and this one at Weald Hall may very well also have been sacrificed. The grand ascent to the Belvidere Temple is still there in the rough, but all the lead statues and features were sold off, except the one group in face of the south front of the house. There is an idea that an Italian laid out this garden, which is certainly inspired by some of the great villa gardens of Italy.

The second document is an immense folded plan about 4ft. by 5ft. as reduced, for it has lost title and signature, but retains a descriptive index. "References to the plan of the gardens at Wheldhall in Essex the seat of the Hon^{ble}. Samuel Smith Esq." It is a garden scheme yet more vast than that shown in the survey of 1738. If we may suppose that it is the first proposal for the gardens it seems to show that the tradition of Italians being employed is rather mythical, as the plan has nothing to show definite Italian handiwork. It cannot have been the actual scheme adopted, because the axis of the lay out differs too much in this drawing from

the work actually existing. A note on the plan tells us that the gardens contain about eighteen and two-thirds acres and are about 2,400yds. in circumference. "Y" are little fields, designed to be sown with millet, Buckwheat, etc., for the enticement of Birds." "An Ah, Ahs,



PLAN OF THE GARDEN IN 1738, AND OF THE HOUSE IN 1778.

or folie quite round the garden." This must be a very early instance of the Ha-ha that became the rage in England during the eighteenth century. The "Chapel of Queen Mary" is here marked as "An old Banqueting house at the upper end of the fruit garden." In this enclosure are shown six "little stews to put fish in to catch in a moment's warning."

The third document is very interesting, but unfortunately there is no date, only a Georgian water mark in the paper. The heading is "Estimate for Alteration of a Temple for T. T." That is, of course, the Thomas Tower who purchased the Weald Hall in 1759. It is a priced schedule for adding a storey to the temple, converting it into the present tower. A sample entry is :

<i>If in Stone.</i>		
1031. 8. Sup. of Ashlar 5 inches thick at a Medium	2d.	90. 4. 11.
750. 0. Superficies of circular Ashlar do.	..	28. 75. 0. 0.
<hr/>		
1781.		
5 rod. 1 qr feet of reduced Brickwork ..	£6. 10s.	37. 5. 0.
		£202. 9. 11.

"If done in Brickwork and Stucco" the price comes to £87 14s. 4d., and evidently the stone was thought worth while, as it is in Portland stone as existing. The total estimate with carpentry and leadwork is £382 3s. 10d. The new storey, being somewhat shapeless in form, is probably builders' work. The prices are very interesting in view of modern conditions, as is also the method of the document, with its elimination of all minor details.

It is curious to note, in view of the recent discussion of the damage at St. Paul's, due to iron cramps in the masonry, that they figure in this document as "No. 40 Cramps, letting in and running with lead. 9d. each £1. 10. 0." A very expensive thirty shillings for the future. Another interesting item is that of the floor under "Plaster."

"4 squares of Plaster floor £2. 10. 0. sq. £10. 0. 0." Under "Plumber" we read: "A cistern head and 32 feet of Rain water pipe. £5. 17. 6."

"The Temple," that is, the original ground storey of the present tower, has been replastered, but it was in a stucco rough-cast before. In the inside there are eight niches and a circular flat ceiling, with a raised domical ring in the centre. The new storey was finished inside in Georgian woodwork, of which no special mention is made in the estimate. This, however, may have been for carcase work only, as no entry of doors or windows occurs. We may assume a second contract was to be made for joinery and finishings. In the walled garden there is a far earlier garden house, the original Tudor two-storeyed building, traditionally called Princess Mary's Chapel, as she is known to have been compelled to reside here. The Court rolls of the Manors go back to Henry VIII., and must contain a wealth of matter interesting to genealogists and local historians.



There are also interesting charts of the epoch of Napoleon I. at Elba, Admiral John Tower having been in command of a ship told off to watch the island.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

THE SUN-BABES' BATH.

Down from their home in the heavens
Flew the Sun's wee babes one day,
To bathe in a limpid streamlet
That trilled on its merry way.
They tickled the laughing waters,
They danced on its pebbly bed,
And then winked with roguish mischief
At the big sun overhead.

They dived, they danced and they flirted,
Each ripple a fairy boat;
The trees on the edge of the streamlet
Sent quivering leaves afloat,
To romp with the dimpling sun-babes,
To race down the happy tide,
With the blue, blue sky above them,
With the green, green fields beside.

The bright sun laughed at her babies
As glowing and wet and sweet,
Like "Will-o'-the-Wisps" they flitted
On the breast of waters fleet.
Then when it was time to call them
Back to their skyland bed,
They kissed the leaves and the streamlet
Till they gleamed a rosy red.

CHARLOTTE PIDGEON.

CUB HUNTING AND WAR.



TALLY-HO BACK !

WAR and its attendant cares and anxieties so far dwarf all else that at first glance the consideration of such minor matters as sport seems almost trifling. Further consideration, however, shows that, without losing sight of the greater and more absorbing matter, there is much reason for giving the lesser its due attention. The Jockey Club, a body of representative Englishmen closely connected with many of those who are fighting at the front, have decided that racing shall be carried on as far as possible, realising that, among other considerations,

besides being a pastime it is also a great industry employing a large number of people, who without it would quickly swell the number of unemployed.

Hunting has many claims also, and, like anything entailing the circulation of money—which it does to a greater extent than is realised by many—it is worthy of serious consideration at a time like this. So far as one hears, most Masters intend to try to carry on in some kind of way; some of them are at the front, many mobilised with the home defence army, and therefore cannot personally look after their countries. The general



DRAWING THE ROOTS.

determination seems to be to at least kill foxes so far as can be done, and with this purpose in view the early part of the season becomes of more importance than usual, as cubs are much more easily found, and when found more easily killed, when that is the sole object, than when they have reached the period when they are considered to have become adult foxes. That this killing down should be done is obvious. Money is sure to come in on a reduced scale, and though all wise executives will, so far as possible, pay poultry claims as among their first calls, that the possibility of those claims should be reduced to the utmost is of the greatest importance.

Little in the nature of real sport can be expected. This reducing the stock of foxes must go on throughout the season, and the usual code of procedure will have to be upset entirely; heading a fox will no longer be the deadly sin as of old, but rather the reverse if it tends to his being caught. In some countries

which I personally know it has never been the practice to hold up foxes in covert, even in the earliest days of cubbing, but for the once this good and sporting rule has had to be suspended, and now the unfortunate cub with a bold heart which finds his way to the edge of a covert with the intention of going away has a whip cracked in his face, probably by a man on a shabby old white horse, one of the few left—saved by his colour from the collection by the remount officers.

This question of remount supplies a very important reason why hunting in this country should be continued. Directly, it was a most valuable source of supply to the War Office when horses were required at short notice in the first days of the war. Indirectly, hunting is ever more and more becoming the sole cause for the production of horses such as are required for cavalry purposes. Racing has its influence, no doubt, upon light horse breeding, as was referred to at the meeting of the Jockey Club lately, but I venture to say that hunting has really far more to do with the production of the general utility horse as distinguished from the galloping machine, which, after all, is the ideal aimed at in the racehorse.

Sir Evelyn Wood recently advocated the carrying on of hunting at present, and urged the indisputable fact of its utility at all times as a school for cavalry officers. This fact was held so long ago as the days of the Peninsular War, when Wellington encouraged it. I believe the Calpe Hounds at Gibraltar date

their initiation to that time—at least, so I have been told; at any rate, there was a pack started at that time in Spain by the officers engaged there. This side of hunting is fully realised on the Continent, and is copied as nearly as is possible by several countries, as far as local conditions permit. In Hungary I have seen a pack of hounds kept at the cavalry school for the training of officers. In France, as Captain A. Palmer wrote a short time ago in *COUNTRY LIFE* about Saumur Cavalry School, a country, as nearly as possible an imitation of a natural one, is laid out for officers to ride over. This is necessary, as the conditions of real hunting in France—where there are a great many more packs than one hears much about—are much in the nature of private parties, and the woodland country, where hunting generally takes place, does not lend itself to training as ours does. In Italy, again, I am told, though I have not seen it, the field with the Roman hunt is largely composed of officers.

In Germany the nearest approach to hunting is, I believe, a kind of paper-chase, where a number of officers pursue one specially chosen, who carries a fox's brush, to snatch which is the object of the pursuers. That this has little in common with the "sport of Kings" we can well believe, and that the result of such training falls far short of ours is amply testified by General French's report, which everyone read with pride, of the infinite superiority of our cavalry over that of the Prussians.

"Jorrocks" was fond of calling hunting "The himmage of war without its guilt and with five and twenty per cent. of its

danger." In the modern conditions of war I fear that the actuary would find his estimate of the percentage of danger somewhat out; but the successful pursuit of the "flying pack" calls for quick observation, an eye for a country and the determination to get there. All of which qualities after all come as near "the himmage of war" as is possible in peace time.

If the hunting field is the school for our cavalry, so also it is the playground of many, both cavalry and infantry officers, and if they who are fighting our battles for us could be asked, one and all would say, "Keep hunting going; keep the ball a-rolling till we come back." Alas! already we know of many whom we shall never meet at coverside again, but we will remember them none the less kindly when we visit scenes associated with them, and we should still keep going the sport they loved, and which helped to make them and their comrades the best sportsmen and the finest soldiers in the world. G.



THE INEVITABLE WHIP.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE CRANEFLY, OR DADDY LONGLEGS.

BY A. E. SHIPLEY, Sc.D., F.R.S.

[During the present summer the insect popularly known as Daddy Longlegs has been a too abundant pest. In his grub state as the "leather jacket" he is a foe to garden and field crops, and as a mature insect he is a nuisance in houses. Dr. Shipley in the following article describes the life-history of the insect, and gives instruction as to the best way of dealing with the pest.—ED.]

DADDY LONGLEGS (or, as they used to be called, Harry Longlegs) belong to that group of insects which has only one pair of wings, the Diptera or flies, the hinder pair of the normal four wings in insects being replaced by knobs, known as halteres, so called after the weights which the Greek athletes in classical times held in their hands when jumping. The length of the halteres in these insects is a record one. The particular family of fly to which they belong is known as the Tipulidae, and the Tipulidae are noted for a certain uncanny elongation of all their parts. In man, when that obscure ductless gland, the pituitary body—thought by Descartes to be the seat of the soul—is diseased, there is a tendency to what the doctors call "acromegaly," i.e., the legs, the arms, the fingers, the toes are all unduly elongated, and of such are giants produced. It would seem that in the family Tipulidae analogous glands are wanting, for their bodies run to great length in all directions. Everyone knows daddy longlegs have abnormally long legs, which break with the greatest ease, and the daddy longlegs appear to get on perfectly well without them.

The Tipulidae is a large order of insects, consisting of some thousand species, which are distributed all over the world. But most of them show this passion for elongation; in some the male protrudes its head into a long snout, in others the neck is pulled out to an exaggerated extent. In

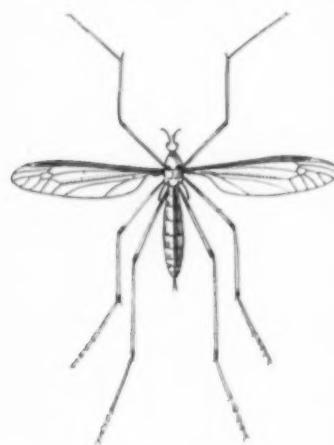


FIG. 1. TIPULA OLERACEA.

(the marsh cranefly), and *T. lateralis* (the striped abdomen cranefly). A second genus with *Pachyrrhina maculosa* (the yellow-spotted cranefly) and an allied species, *P. quadrifaria*, are by no means uncommon. These several species are not so very easily distinguished even in the adult stage, and in the larval and pupa stage they are very difficult to segregate. However, all these differing species work in the same way, and have pretty much the same life-history.

The activities of *Tipula oleracea* may serve as an example of the life-history and the sort of damage these creatures do. For a fly this is a large insect, almost an inch long, while its legs extend over two or three inches, and its wings over two inches. The adults are commonest in autumn, being most numerous in the latter part of August and September; but they stand frost well, and are frequently met in vast numbers in neglected grass spots, meadows and clover lea, and on marshy ground during the early parts of October. Here the sexes are pairing, and shortly afterwards the female is laying her eggs on the ground or on the surface of the earth, or even on damp grass or leafage close to the ground. The abdomen and the last pair of legs support her body on a tripod, while the eggs pass out through the ovipositor. The eggs are small and black and shiny, and a single female may deposit some hundreds.

Apparently the larva issues from the egg within a comparatively short time, and begins boring its way through the ground. When fully grown it attains a length of one inch,

and is about as thick as a goose quill. The skin is very chitinous or horny and tough, and this fact has earned for the creature the name of leather-jacket. At one end the larva has a small black head, which can be retracted into the second segment of the larva like the first tube of a telescope can be shut into the second. This head bears a pair of very effective jaws. The hind end of the body is cut off rather abruptly. It bears the breathing apertures.

The pupa stage lives also in the ground, and for the most part is motionless, but, like the larvae or grubs, it is furnished with certain spines, and by means of these it can push its way through the soil, and shortly before it gives rise to the adult or perfect insect it emerges



Fig. 2. (a) *Tipula oleracea* pupa, (b) larva, (c) eggs.

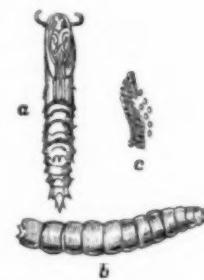


Fig. 2. (b) Larva.

Fig. 2. (c) Eggs.

above the level of the soil (Fig. 3). In the autumn it pushes itself half way out of the ground, and it stands like a graven image some half inch above the surface. If the grass be very short, these may be seen in all directions. After a time the tough skin splits down the back, and the cranefly, or daddy longlegs, slowly drags itself forth, spreads its wings and legs and starts forth into the outer world (Fig. 4).

When flying the insect stretches its two front legs in front of its head, they forming a kind of prow to cleave the air; the four hinder legs trail behind, converging on one another. The damage done by the insect is done entirely during the larval stage. The strong black jaws of the grub bite through and destroy the roots of grasses and plants of all kinds.

During open weather they feed near the surface, but on the approach of winter they retire into deeper ground. Kirby Spence records that the larvae may be frozen in solid blocks of ice without losing their vitality. The pupae of *Tipula paludosa* appear a month or so earlier than do those of *Tipula oleracea*, and there is reason to believe that in some cases there are two broods in a season. They feed from the time of hatching from the egg in the late autumn till the following June. They then form the pupa, or chrysalis, and the fly makes its first appearance in July. The leather-jacket not only attacks the roots of grass, wheat and other cereal crops, but is a well known pest to bulbs. *Pachyrrhina maculosa* is especially harmful to tulip-bulbs, and Kirby Spence records that it also destroys strawberry and raspberry plants, as well as carrots and lettuces, carnations, dahlias and many other flowers. *Tipula oleracea* has been convicted of infesting potato patches and harming the roots of the loganberry.

The recent outbreak at Rye, to which attention has been drawn in these pages, is by no means unexpected. As long ago as 1828 Kirby Spence records their presence in "the rich fields near Rye in Sussex." In 1903 Professor Theobald sent the following reply to the secretary of the Rye Golf Club, who had approached him with reference to the damage caused by these larvae on the golf course:

The larvae you send, that are eating off the grass at two of the holes at Rye Golf Links and which have bared six acres of grass, are those of one of the Daddy-Long-Legs (*Tipulidae*), one of our worst grass-land pests owing to the difficulty in fighting them. They have now pretty well done the harm for this year.

In this special case, I think rape dust will do good in drawing the larvae away from the grass roots, but of course it does not harm the grubs. As soon as the 'Daddy-Long-Legs' commence to appear I should heavily roll the land and bush-harrow it repeatedly; by so doing many of the flies are unable to escape from the soil by the compression of the land, and many of those that do escape are killed and their eggs are destroyed by bush-harrowing. Around the holes you might make use of bisulphide of carbon. This may be



Fig. 3. *Tipula oleracea*. Pupa emerging from ground.

Fig. 4. *Tipula oleracea* emerging from the pupa case.

injected into the soil at the rate of half an ounce to every four square yards for grass land. It will kill the grass just where it is put in, but the fumes spread out around and soon kill subterranean insects and the fumes do not damage the roots; except where the actual stuff comes in contact with them, no harm is done. On the rest of the land I should give a dressing of nitrate of soda at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. to the acre.

I am not quite certain as to the species attacking your land, until I hatch out some of the flies, but in two of our commonest kinds it is noticed that the grubs come on to the surface at night, especially on warm damp nights. When this takes place much benefit to grass land has been derived by rolling of a night. Of course this means extra expense, but it has often amply repaid the extra cost of labour in attacks on grass land. Certainly try rolling and bush-harrowing when the flies appear and use nitrate of soda.

Although rape meal (or dust) keeps the grubs away from the roots, it nevertheless does harm in the end, for it, undoubtedly, attracts the insects wherever it is placed.

Bisulphide of carbon is highly inflammable and the fumes are poisonous to man, so must be used with care.

"Corrosive sublimate was experimented with, and where the land was thoroughly soaked with a solution of 1oz. in six gallons of water, many, but not all, of the leather-jackets were killed. As these larvae feed on roots, not earth, we must not expect the same benefit to be derived from its use as in earthworms.

"The worm-killer referred to by Professor Hall is made as follows: Mercury perchloride, 10lb.; hydrochloric acid,

4lb.; and water, 6lb. To dilute for use, use half an ounce fluid to three gallons of water (= 1 in 1,000). For worms on lawns it is an excellent remedy."

There are many natural enemies to the daddy longlegs—certain ichneumon and chalcid flies lay their eggs within their bodies, but not in sufficient quantities to seriously keep the trouble down. The rook, the starling, the peewit, gulls and, to a smaller extent, the thrush and blackbird, eat the grubs, and the first three birds named are particularly helpful in diminishing the numbers of the larvæ. Even the pheasant has more Tipulid larvæ in its crop than mangold-wurzels. The adult daddy longlegs are seized by swallows and by sparrows, and the rook frequently attacks them while they are ovipositing in the fields. Poultry devour both larva and adult.

In considering the influence of the weather on the prevalence of these pests, one must take long views. Apparently the eggs and larvæ flourish better when the weather is damp; and the abundance of the adult insects in the autumn, after a long, dry summer, is a testimony to the fact that the previous winter and perhaps spring had been rainy and moist. In the neighbourhood of even the best-kept links there may be ditches and waste places where the herbage is rank and where there are hollows which want cleaning out, and here the adults love to lay their eggs.

IN THE GARDEN. BULBOUS PLANTS IN GRASS AND WOODLAND.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

NOW that the bulb catalogues are coming in, there may be many who are contemplating some free planting of bulbous plants in the outskirts of the garden, in grassland and in woody places. It is one of the most delightful ways of enjoying these plants, but from want of knowledge of the best ways of arranging the bulbs, many a place that might be made wonderfully beautiful has been more or less muddled and spoilt, or, if not actually harmed, the good effect that might have been obtained has been altogether missed. The following suggestions may be helpful. Supposing a rather important planting of Daffodils is desired, and the site is an orchard or a stretch of thin woodland, the first thing to avoid is the temptation to buy cheap lots of mixed kinds. The only use for these is to plant them in a reserve garden to provide cut flowers for the house; not that it is well to mix up the kinds when cutting, but enough of a kind or of one or two near kinds can be gathered at a time.

If the space for planting is not large, it would be well to provide a few hundreds of two or three kinds only, such as the fine trumpets *Horsfieldii*, *Emperor* and *rugilobus*. But if the space is large, extending over some acres, there is an opportunity for planting in a proper sequence of many kinds; each kind in fair quantity. Thus, beginning at one end, one would begin by planting the trumpets, then would follow the fine *Sir Watkin*, then the incomparabilis and their hybrids the *Leedsii* and *Barri* varieties; the arrangement would then pass from these onward to *Poeticus*, both double and single. Some of the cheapest kinds are among the most effective; in the case of incomparabilis, the higher-priced kinds with the strong coloured cups, many of which are the finest in the hand, are actually less beautiful in the mass. It is better to look for the more even colour of cup and perianth, so as not to interfere with breadth of effect.

The manner of the actual planting is of importance. Instead of planting in roundish patches, it is much better in the case of all bulbs for wild gardening to plant in long-shaped drifts, as shown in the sketch, the drifts all running in one direction, and

applies equally to the smaller spring bulbs—Crocuses, Winter Aconites, Snowdrops, Dogs'-tooth Violets, Scillas and Chionodoxas. Snowdrops and Winter Aconites are beautiful in groves of large trees where the ground is bare beneath. Winter Aconite succeeds almost anywhere, even under Beeches, and increases quickly by self-sown seed. Snowdrops do best in soils that are either loamy or calcareous. Grape Hyacinths (*Muscari*) flower with the later Daffodils. The fine form of *Muscari conicum* called Heavenly Blue is easily naturalised, and has a fine effect when in good quantity. By the second week of May there are Trilliums, beautiful by themselves in cool woodland and rejoicing in deep beds of leaf-mould. At the same season there should be, in damp turf in the open, two of the most beautiful of our native plants, the tall Summer Snowflake (*Leucojum aestivum*) and the Snake's-head Fritillary. If there is a stretch of grass that is almost boggy, these two plants will be seen at their best, the Snowflake revelling in the wettest part.

For the later year there are still some beautiful bulbous plants for wild gardening. First the Autumn Colchicum, best in chalky soils, but good anywhere except in the poorest sand. It should be planted in quantity. There are garden varieties of larger size and deeper colour, and also a superb pure white of great size and substance; but it is the type *Colchicum autumnale* that is the most desirable in meadow land, and it is in grass that it not only thrives best, but also receives the support to the weak-stemmed bloom—not a true stem, but an elongated tube—that is necessary to keep it upright. In drier ground, in short, fine turf, should be planted the beautiful *Crocus speciosus*, like *Colchicum*, blooming in September and October, and increasing fast by self-sown seed. For the same season, in thin grass at the foot of trees and in the edges of woodland, there should be tufts of hardy Cyclamens.

AN AUTUMN FLOWER BED.

WITH the passing of summer and the advent of cold nights, with possibly sufficient frost to damage the foliage and flowers of the more tender plants, the value of those capable of withstanding these ravages of Nature is more fully appreciated. Too often the many beautiful hardy plants suitable for filling large beds are overlooked, a point that was brought home to me rather forcibly last year by a large lawn bed filled with dwarf blue Michaelmas Daisies and white Japanese Anemones or Windflowers. The first named were plants of *Aster Amellus bessarabicus*, which grows not more than 18in. high, and produced quite a carpet with its large, intensely blue flowers, while the Japanese Anemones reached a height of 3ft. 6in. The effect of white and blue was exceedingly charming, and a bed such as this would not be at all costly. Earlier in the year Daffodils, thinly planted between the perennials, created a gold and white effect, and these were followed at the end of June and early July with dark blue Spanish Irises. By adopting this system of planting, the bed was a source of interest over a period of at least six months, and needed very little attention.

THE THORNLESS ROSE.

It is difficult to understand why one so seldom finds the thornless Rose, Zephyrine Drouhin, in gardens, even in those where Roses are extensively grown. There are few varieties more pleasing or better adapted for the garden, and certainly it would be difficult to select any that possess the old-fashioned Rose fragrance in greater degree. It is a hybrid Bourbon variety,



METHOD OF PLANTING BULBS IN GRASS AND WOODLAND.

being so placed in relation to paths or the more obvious points of view that they are seen from any of the ways indicated by the arrows. The advantage of such planting in pictorial effect is quite uncontested, and in the case of Daffodils, seen under the low yellow sunlight of a spring afternoon, an harmonious quality of the highest artistic value is obtained. The same rule of planting

and it is doubtless from its Bourbon parent that it inherits this delicious and welcome fragrance. The flowers are a particularly pleasing shade of bright carmine pink, and are produced in abundance during the summer and in less quantity during the early autumn. It makes a tall bush or low pillar if allowed to grow freely as it should do, and the pale green stems are devoid of thorns, this giving rise to its popular name of the Thornless Rose. It is an ideal variety for forming a low, informal hedge where a division is needed in the garden, and is also excellent for pegging down, the long growths when treated in this way flowering profusely along their entire length. Zephyrine Drouhin is a Rose to remember during the coming planting season.

THE BLUE ALKANET.

At all seasons really good blue flowers are none too plentiful in the outdoor garden, and possibly this is why we appreciate so highly the few that are available. Undoubtedly one of the best, not even excepting the

stately Delphiniums, is the blue Alkanet that nurserymen love to catalogue as Anchusa Italica Dropmore variety. One is induced to write of it now because during the next few weeks will be an excellent time to propagate it by means of root cuttings. It is true that this beautiful border plant can be easily raised from seeds sown in the open garden early in May, but the seedlings vary considerably, not only in the intensity of their blue colouring, but also in the size of their flowers. The wise gardener, knowing and noticing this, usually selects the best plants when in bloom, and at this season takes pieces of the thong-like roots that are about the size of one's little finger, cuts them into 4in. to 6in. lengths, and places them in a shallow box of sandy soil, with the thickest end just under the surface. These boxes are accommodated in a cold frame for the winter, and in early spring the cuttings, which are by then usually starting to sprout, are planted in the permanent border. This simple method of propagation ensures the perpetuation of the best plants, and in that way is preferable to raising seedlings. H.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

EVERYBODY is now studying books on German policy with a zeal and industry which would have been commendably applied several years ago. Those who took the trouble to look into the fundamental facts knew long ago that the present war was inevitable, but the general public is simply astonished to find that this was set down in print, and they never paid any attention to it. Yet those who wrote in this style were men of authority. The majority were Germans, including the late Chancellor, Prince von Bismarck, and the now notorious von Bernhardi. If these witnesses were not sufficient, there was a third and friendlier one, Professor Roland G. Usher, who fills the chair of history in Washington University, St. Louis. Whoever desires to obtain a clear and unprejudiced analysis of the frame of mind that led to Germany's declaration should get *Pan-Germanism* (Constable). The author does not write in a spirit of great hostility to the Kaiser and his countrymen, but sets himself with all the ability in his power to understand and set forth their point of view. In regard to the object at which Germany aimed, he is in no doubt whatever, since in the very first page we are told that "The Germans aim at nothing less than the domination of Europe and of the world by the Germanic race." The attitude of mind which so astonishes the rest of Europe, Professor Usher traces out to natural causes.

During last century the Germans achieved a success that raised their self-esteem to its highest point. Serious critics have pointed out that the defeat of Austria at Sadowa was a foregone conclusion, and that Sedan was as much the result of French weakness as of German strength. But to the latter victory is victory, and having brought both of these great military nations to their knees, they began to think that there was not, and never had been, a Power equal to them on the face of the globe. Independent observers would assert that the British Empire had a more wonderful history than the German Empire, but Prince Bismarck was the first of the Continental statesmen to set himself to remove what he considered to be a general illusion. He told Li Hung Chang, in the course of the latter's tour over Europe, that Britain "has a hundred weak points, and she knows that a conflict with a Power nearly her equal will mean her undoing." Subsequent writers and thinkers have taken this deliverance not as coming from an interested party whose prepossessions were likely to bias his judgment, but as the voice of one who knew. To read recent German books is to get the impression that the Empire on which the sun never sets "is nothing but a trading monopoly, a chain of forts, a great fleet and a monumental impudence." Recently Berlin strategists have been fixing attention upon India. It was said of old that the weakness of the German tribes was envy, and the modern descendants of these tribesmen certainly envy Britain the possession of India. They think our power in that continent was established as much by internal dissension among the Hindus as by anything else, and that we have failed to govern it. There can be little doubt that they calculated upon an uprising of the native states when war was declared. The action taken by the Feudatory Princes is a very effective answer to this supposition, but it came too late to arrest the military policy of our enemy. In a similar way they remembered the Boer War, and felt sure that a quarrel with a great European nation would be taken as an opportunity for rebellion in South Africa. Here, again, events have proved their miscalculation. In regard to the other colonies the Germans never

have understood the strength of those apparently light bonds that hold the British Empire together. Wherever they have gone they have Germanised with might and main, and their idea of a colony is to produce their own institutions in miniature. Thus they thought that Australia and New Zealand and Canada would all take the opportunity of throwing off their allegiance to Great Britain. Even Mr. Usher did not seem, when he wrote this book, to have divined the spirit of loyalty which the Colonies were to show, though if he had considered the matter with his usual unbiased judgment he would have seen that this action on the part of the Colonies is as wise as it is loyal. The situation reminds us of the saying of Charles II. to the Duke of York, "They will never dethrone me, James, to make you king." And similarly any colony in the world might easily be imagined saying, "We will never overturn England to make Germany our ruler."

They recognise that the principle of Great Britain is Liberty, and that of the German Empire Discipline. Again, the student of history, whatever the Germans may say, must agree that Britain ever has been a martial nation, accustomed to fight in every part of the world and usually at great odds. Whenever it has been assailed by a power so convinced of its own infallibility as Germany, its greatest valour has been developed. It was so in the Hundred Years' War, it was so in the Elizabethan contest, and it was so when Napoleon dominated Continental Europe. Its misfortunes have been incurred when it gave way to the same arrogant self-complacency that animates the Germany of to-day—so true is it now, as it has been of all time, that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Professor Usher, after setting forth all that can be said in Germany's favour, nevertheless arrives at the conclusion that even in a contest with England single-handed the Germans would have their work cut out. He has been more than a little wrong in estimating the strength of the various factors engaged, but the Tripolitan War and the Balkan War upset a great many calculations. Evidently Germany did not dream of the strength which these Balkan States would develop when she gave the word that an onset on Turkey would be permitted. The Balkan States in one short and splendid campaign proved the potentiality of the rise of a formidable State in the East that was likely to check the German ambition to obtain an outlet on the Mediterranean. The bullying of Russia was successful up to a point. Russia is as patient as Germany, and, despite all the shining armour and rattling sabres, waited quietly until the hour came when she had a prospect of getting what she wanted, namely, command of the Baltic. It is there that she feels German pressure most. On the other hand, Germany knows that if she is to give way in that district, she will never more be on an equality with her powerful neighbour. With France, Germany knew she had to reckon on a high-spirited nation that had been bullied, insulted and hurt in every possible way by the tactless blunderers who had conquered her. Therefore, the unscrupulous scheme of rushing through Belgium, regardless of any scraps of paper, and striking a crushing blow at France before she was prepared, commended itself to them. It all goes to show that, splendid as are some of the qualities of the Germans, they are still to seek in the world of politics and diplomacy. They claim a destiny of world power, but it would be very difficult for them to place a finger on any part of the world and say "Here is a land which longs for and desires the rule of Germany."

A READABLE NOVEL.

Tributaries. (Constable.)

"TRIBUTARIES" is a clever novel by a writer who is known to fame, but prefers in this case to be anonymous. His theme is the evolution and life-history of a demagogue. His story has great *vraisemblance*, and is naturally placed in the later years of the reign of Victoria, where it would have been quite in keeping with its surroundings. The chief personage of the story—one can scarcely call him a hero—begins life as a Dissenter, and has not made much progress before he discovers that Dissent is an obstacle. As is carefully explained by more than one character, Dissent is not a religion; it is a difference, and nobody can get up any real enthusiasm for a difference of opinion. The author, however, is less careful to analyse the nature of Dissent than to show how such a character as he has drawn can be gradually sapped and undermined. The charm of the story is that all this goes on in a way to make the reader doubt whether the balance is on the side of vice or virtue in this curious product of the Victorian Age. At times he has a glimmering of poetry that gives colour and force to the speeches he delivers, but then, he is mean and over-reaching. He is a good son, and his parents, an old-fashioned struggling tradesman and his wife, are very finely drawn. The story is told briskly and cleverly by a writer who evidently knows a good deal about the outs and ins of that kind of journalism which prevailed towards the end of last century. The people with whom he populates Fleet Street no doubt really did inhabit that quarter then, although they have been long succeeded by an entirely different set. Reading the novel makes one wonder what will be the effect of war upon this kind of literature. We have recently been brought so closely into touch with the great and grim realities of life that the little art of cajoling the people and winning their votes, only to lose them again, seems to have suddenly become infinitely small, like an object seen through the wrong end of a telescope.

A STORY OF WOLD AND FEN.

Greylake of Mallerby, by W. L. Cribb. (Sampson, Low.) ONE could scarcely imagine less promising material for a book than that provided by Mallerby, a village located only by sandhills and the North Sea

on one side, wolds rising from a ten-mile marsh on the other and the Spurn Light to guide benighted wanderers. The inhabitants are marshmen all. The sea to them is an enemy that sometimes breaks ravaging through its natural barriers and devours the flocks by which they live. Their intellects are mostly dormant, their wants few, and their interests extend no further than the market town nestling under the rise across the marsh. Yet out of this material Mr. Cribb has evolved a story that cannot fail to appeal to those who know the countryman. It is, indeed, scarcely a story; more a presentment of a rather sordid Arcady as seen through the eyes of Martin Greylake, a shrewd yet idealistic visitor from London. But the author cannot prevent his first-hand knowledge from peeping out. One lives with him in the stuffy cottages of the marsh, and goes out with the shepherd before dawn; hears the gossip of the country town, and leaves it with relief to trudge the homeward road at night. He has a style, artless as his story, but terse, and ering, when it does, rather on the side of exaggeration than weakness. The romance which strings the pages together is touched in, however, lightly but surely, and the sum total is a book curious but worth reading.

LIFE IN WESTERN CANADA.

Alberta and The Others, by Madge S. Smith. (Sidgwick and Jackson.) IT cannot be laid to Miss Madge S. Smith's charge that she paints in rosy colours her picture of life in Western Canada. This is the more interesting since her novel is described on the frontispiece as a truthful story of that portion of the globe. On the other hand, the yarn is a thoroughly delightful one, alive with humour and a gay lightheartedness that saves from malice its several and disconcerting criticisms of Canadian manners, morals, hospitality and ideals. The story concerns an English family who settle in Western Canada under the conviction that there their fortunes are about to be made with rapidity and ease. In the process of their disillusionment, told throughout with tenderness and understanding and a steady good humour, the country and its inhabitants come in for some frank presentation that does not err on the indulgent side, and the result is a tale of unusual vividness and originality.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

GOLFERS' BOOTS FOR THE ARMY.

HERE is at the moment a great shortage of leather, and the War Office is hard put to it to supply good boots to the recruits. It has therefore been suggested that golf clubs could be of very real use if each member would send a small offering in the shape of a stout, serviceable pair of golf boots or even shoes. The boots or shoes must not, of course, be old or worn out, but in sound condition and waterproof. In order to help the scheme, the printing works of COUNTRY LIFE have temporarily become a kind of clearing-house, where the boots, as they arrive, will immediately be graded and passed on to the camps. Every golfer is therefore invited to send a pair of boots that he can spare, carriage paid, to the "Army Boot Store," Hatfield Street Works, Stamford Street, London, S.E. "Like old boots" is, mysteriously enough, a metaphorical expression to denote extreme rapidity, and it is to be hoped that the flood of golfers' boots pouring into Hatfield Street will justify it.

THE LATE MR. A. H. DOLEMAN.

Everybody who knew him will have been very sorry to hear of the death of that fine old Scottish golfer, Mr. Alexander Doleman. He was not so good or so well known a player as his brother, Mr. William Doleman, who, though born as long ago as 1838, played in the Amateur Championship till a very few years ago. He was, however, in every sense of the word a good golfer, loving the rigour of the game, always full of keenness and interest, at once a just and kindly critic. He was one of the very earliest of Cambridge golfers, having played the game, if I remember rightly, on the marshy and mysterious regions of either Coe Fen or Sheep's Green, even before the days of the long since derelict Coldham Common, and he always took great interest in the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, of which he was a member. Mr. Doleman's keenness was well shown by the fact that at the age of seventy-six he

undertook the journey from Blackpool to Westward Ho! to watch the Amateur Championship and to see for the first time the famous course. I very well remember his saying, half to himself, in a tone of wonderment, that he had lived all those years before coming at last to the best course in the world—a fine compliment to Westward Ho! from an essentially patriotic Scottish golfer.

PROFESSIONAL POLITICS.

The politics of the Professional Golfers' Association are, as a rule, no concern of the amateur, and possess no particular interest for him, but this remark hardly applies to a resolution to be proposed at the next meeting, which is to be held in the early days of October. Shortly, the resolution is



MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON.

that no member of the association shall take part in any advertising scheme which is calculated to divert the legitimate business of the members. What it means is that certain members do not approve of various champions and ex-champions assisting a very well known shop in a golfing

display or exhibition. If it be said that this is not the amateur's business, he may well retort that it is his business to see that he be at liberty to buy his clubs when and from whom he pleases, and that he does not propose to be dictated to on the subject by a trade union. This is, however, a rather aggressive line of argument, and there is another that may more usefully and peacefully be pursued.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

If the resolution be carried it means almost inevitably that the leading professionals, those whose names are everywhere familiar and respected, who, to the man in the street, represent the whole profession, will retire from the Association. It is neither likely nor reasonable that they should allow themselves to be coerced in the conduct of their business. And if they retire, where will the Professional Golfers' Association be then? It is an excellent institution, and has done excellent work, both as regards its benevolent fund and in regulating and promoting competitions, but it is now treading on perilous ground. The resolution seems to me personally to be short-sighted and falsely conceived on every ground, economic or otherwise; but whether it is right or wrong, the important point is that the golfing public will care very little for the Professional Golfers' Association if it be shorn of its chief ornaments, and an institution with great potentialities for good will thus unsupported lose all its value. It is therefore much to be hoped that those who are bringing forward this resolution will think very carefully and calmly over the position before they press it. As a united body the professionals can do good work on behalf of their order, and any serious and irremediable disruption of their ranks would be most regrettable.

MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON.

At least four members of this year's Cambridge golf team have already got commissions—Mr. Yerburgh (the captain), Mr. Vincent, Mr. Wilson

and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the last named in the Bedfordshire Regiment. Mr. Lyttelton, who is the son of the late Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, played a most dramatic and gallant, though ultimately unsuccessful, part in this year's University match at Rye. Oxford appeared to have the whole match safely in hand when the news came that at the fourth hole in the second round Mr. Lyttelton was five down to Mr. Stokoe. Then came a wonderful spurt; he won five holes running, and stood square again at the turn. These two were the last couple; the whole fate of the day depended on them, and the whole crowd followed them breathlessly. All honour to Mr. Stokoe in that after the usually shattering blow of losing five consecutive holes, he pulled himself together, got his nose in front again and won at the seventeenth; but the loser also fought most courageously.

B. D.

A RECORD OF GOLF BALLS.

If only our golfing ancestors could have foreseen the changes that were to take place in the balls used in the game, what an interesting record they might have left us had they adopted the plan which has now, thus late in the day, been hit on by the executive of the St. George's Hill Golf Club! Their idea is that each captain, annually elected, shall hand over to the club the ball with which, following the Royal and ancient usage, he shall play himself into office. The ball is to be kept on a silver tee, standing on an ebony stand, which is to be engraved with the captain's name and date of office, and the whole is to be enclosed in a glass case. Thus it is hoped that an interesting record will in course of time, say fifty years, be gathered, showing the changes and development of the golf ball within that period. But what an opportunity has been lost in that this scheme did not suggest itself fifty years ago to the Royal and Ancient Club. Had it been put into operation we should have seen a series beginning with the feather-stuffed, leather-jacketed balls, proceeding to the hand-hammered "gutty," then to the machine-hammered "gutty," probably with an example or two of the "eclipse," or "putty," among them, and so to the latest evolution of the rubber-core. H. G. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INCAPACITATED TROOP HORSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—A friend of mine, who has just returned from the front, tells me he has seen a number of incapacitated troop horses turned loose to wander where they would. If this is a general practice, would it not be an excellent plan for the authorities to send home all injured mares. There will be a great shortage of breeding stock here in the immediate future. It is obvious that, during the course of the campaign many will break down or be injured beyond immediate repair. If these mares could be gathered and drafted to some French depot and, as opportunity arose, could be sent back to this country, there are many of us who would willingly take charge of them and breed from them next year. It might not, and probably would not, bring financial benefit to the breeder, but none of us would selfishly think only of our pockets. We know how much a scarcity of horseflesh in the near future would be a source of danger to the country, and would gladly help in this way without thought of profit. If the idea is at all practicable, and transport congestion seems the only real difficulty, I suggest that COUNTRY LIFE should compile a register of its readers who would be willing to take one or more of these mares and breed from them next spring. The Board of Agriculture might be induced to give free nominations to their premium stallions, or, at most, charge a merely nominal fee. I venture to think that all of your readers who have three or four acres of grass at disposal would be willing to accept the responsibility of a remount mare that could be returned to the War Office at the end of 1916, by which time she would probably be quite fit again and would have dropped a foal.—HEATHER.

THE CONDITIONING OF REMOUNTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The suggestion of your correspondent "C. S." is a very good one and quite practical. He has provided for one difficulty, that those who have lost their horses have also lost the means of keeping them. There would be another advantage about the plan of distributing the horses coming from the colonies and the Argentine to people in England, since it would necessarily give employment to many men who are at present out of work. Those people whose horses have gone have in many cases lost their groats as well. The places have not been filled up because there was no work to do, and perhaps no money to pay wages, or, at all events, wherewith to buy horses to take the place of those which had gone. But some such scheme as that suggested by "C. S." is necessary if these imported horses are to do their best. In the South African War thousands of horses were simply wasted because they were sent to regiments before they had even recovered from the voyage. We must remember that we have not merely to train horses of this class, but to educate digestion. Everyone who has bought young Irish horses fresh from the Irish breeders knows what this means. Some years ago I bought three promising young Irish hunters. None of them knew what oats were. They refused to touch them. When this was overcome, we had to feed them with great care lest their digestions should be overtaxed. This took months. Sir Edward Locke Elliot in your last number emphasised the necessity of condition. No one knows better than he does after so long an experience of cavalry. He could tell how even the Arabs he used to buy in Bombay for his own and the Government's use took months to condition. But care in this respect was rewarded by the excellent work of his old regiment, the 1st Bombay Lancers, when they went on service. There is another point in "C. S.'s" scheme which strikes me. The horses will condition much more quickly and effectively if they have individual

attention than if they are collected into depots and schooled in numbers. I have not the smallest doubt that those who take these horses will work at their training and condition with enthusiasm, because they will at last have been able to find some active employment for their country. There is nothing more trying to men of action than finding themselves on the shelf. I think "C. S.'s" plan will be most serviceable in many ways. It will give employment for talents hitherto wasted, increase employment for the older stable servants and give the horses to the ranks some months sooner than any more mechanical plan would do. Finally, it will cost little or nothing. Everyone who could do so would do the work freely—glad to have work to do. After all, this is but an extension of the system which has supplied so many good horses from the Hunts. Hunt horses alone can give us the fine condition at a moment's notice which Sir Edward Elliot points out is necessary for active service. I am glad to hear, too, that the value of ponies in their place is so clearly seen by those whose opinion must carry weight. I am certain that when we see our Indian cavalry we shall learn the value, not only of the men (that we have long known), but of the horses they ride. There is one point about the small horse that is of great importance—he is easier to feed, partly because he requires less food and partly because he can pick up a living where others would starve. The Eastern horses are naturally full of quality. The under-bred horse is far harder to feed on a campaign than the well-bred one; again, in bad weather the under-bred gives way, becomes miserable and hopeless, where the well-bred horse keeps up his pluck. It is instructive to see the way in which, after a hard day, the good blood takes to its feed while the under-bred one nibbles discontentedly at its ration. I think that of the many suggestions made by COUNTRY LIFE none is more practical than those about the value of ponies and the boarding-out scheme for remounts. It seems to me that we have thus a promising scheme for mounting the Army; the regiments of cavalry to have the pick of the horses from the Hunts, which they will train in their schools and on parade; all the larger horses to be set free by the use of ponies in light draught, for Yeomanry and, in fact, for all horsemen who depend more on the rifle than on the sword or lance, and behind these the individuals and the Hunts training and conditioning the splendid imported horses to fill up the gaps which the battles make inevitably in the line of our horses; while, again, behind these the horse-breeders are producing from every available mare or filly the foals which shall be our future horse supply.—T. F. D.

PURCHASE OF REMOUNTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Your correspondent "M. J. A." would appear to entertain an exalted faith in the uses of advertisement, and one which, applied as he suggests, would receive a severe shaking. A horse census must be taken from stable to stable, and if it is to be of any assistance to a horse purchaser, it must be taken with more detail and more frequently than has been the case. Hunting men can be relied upon, no doubt, to give proper returns of their horses and, in an emergency, to part cheerfully with such as the authorities consider suitable; but one does not look to them for gun and transport horses, and neither they nor farmers are likely to be affected very much by public notices. When taking up my duties on mobilisation as a horse purchaser, I found that the census of the district within which I was to purchase proved a hindrance rather than a guide, so I soon discarded it. In the case of impressment the price to be paid is "fair market value" at the purchaser's discretion. Most owners consider their horses worth more than "fair market value," so that—as the War Office instructions put it—"reliance can only be placed upon purchase at the owner's premises, and there are no grounds for supposing

that the bulk of the population will voluntarily send the best of their horses to some collecting station." Purchases for the regular cavalry are made almost, if not entirely, from dealers. This does not seem to be the proper method, although they are now being paid by commission on the prices they have given for the animals.—E. S. N.

WANTED: A VILLAGE INDUSTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If, as I imagine, your correspondent, "W. G. S.", requires a hand industry for his village, surely he could find one in the hundred-and-one cheap wooden articles which we now import, such as broom-handles, clothes-pegs, mouse-traps, wash-boards, rolling-pins, etc.—M.

TO GET RID OF STARLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have two plantations in the park which swarm with starlings. Their number is so enormous that they seem to rise in clouds when disturbed. The stench caused by the birds is so offensive that no pheasants are now ever found there. Can any of your readers tell me what to do to get rid of this plague. The number is so great that shooting has no apparent effect.—J. S. THORNTON.

[The only way that we know of getting rid of starlings is to shoot them as they come in to roost. If this process is continued they soon get terrified and seek another haunt.—ED.]

A BLUE TIT TRAGEDY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A sad domestic tragedy of bird life has just come to my notice which may be of interest to your readers. For three years I have had a blue tit's nest in a nesting-box. This year they built as usual and I have just cleaned out the nest. I was surprised to find that the nest came right to the top of the hole (about 6in. above the bottom of the box). In this nest was an egg and a dead young bird. Below that there was about 3in. depth of matted horse-hair, tightly packed. Below that, at the bottom of the box, was another nest containing seven dead young birds and an egg. The young were more than half-fledged. What explanation is there to be given of this?—A. C. L.

[Are you certain that the egg in the upper nest was a blue tit's? It sounds rather as if a great tit had taken possession, as they also are fond of nesting-boxes, but the egg, of course, is larger than that of the blue tit.—ED.]

TO MAKE BOOTS EASY AND WATERPROOF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you please inform me of a good recipe for softening the leather of boots and at the same time waterproofing it? The recipe, if possible, must be of easy application, easily made and not expensive or injurious to the leather. I want it for boots to be used on the march.—G. R. J.

[Warm the boots thoroughly through, then rub in Russian tallow or soak the boots in castor oil. This will make them thoroughly pliable; and for waterproofing there is nothing to beat dubbin.—ED.]

PLANTING OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The year 1914 shows the greatest crop of acorns since 1911. It is important to increase the growth of timber in this country. I suggest that you advocate the careful planting of acorns in hedgerows and other suitable places. If only 20 per cent. of those planted grow, the growth of oak is encouraged. If the result be not to grow forest trees, oak is a most valuable addition to hedgerows and wherever a tree will grow. The work is easy and should be congenial to men and women, boys and girls.—OBSERVER.

TRAVELLING EXPENSES IN OLDEN DAYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following extract entered by Bishop Holdersley in one of his pocket memorandum books may be interesting to your readers. The Bishop had been robbed on the way to London from Hitchin on Wednesday, April 2nd, 1735, immediately before his nomination to the see of Sodor and Man.

EXPENSES OF JOURNEY TO LONDON APRIL 2ND TO MAY 7TH INCLUSIVE, 1735.
Wednesday—

	£	s.	d.
Post chaise to Welwyn	8 9
Ditto to Barnet	11 6
Road Collector in money	4 14 6
Ditto watch which cost me	9 9 0
Post chaise to Hanover Square	10 7 ½
Turnpikes	10
<hr/>			
—G. WELBURN.		£15	15 2 ½

WHAT CANADA IS DOING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may, perhaps, like to print the following extract from a letter dated August 16th, 1914, from a workman's wife at Winnipeg: "I had never seen bread made before I came to Canada, but I soon learnt how to do it. I think it much nicer than baker's bread. Now, I was in hopes that I should be able to give you a good account of our doing, and had every prospect of it until the war broke out. My husband was working on some Government buildings, but as soon as England said they were going to war the Government shut all works down, so my husband was put off, and he has been put off three times for the same reason. People out here work on loans so much. Well, when war was spoken of all loan places were shut down. So all we can do now, so far as I can see, is hope for the best. We were in hopes of getting out of this shack, but, of course, we don't know what we shall do now. We certainly have had a fine garden. Our cucumbers

and tomatoes are getting ripe now, and we have had a quantity of flowers. I give five or six bunches every week, and always send a large bunch to the Children's Hospital every Sunday. Leslie just loves to take them as he goes to school. Winnipeg is just alive with soldiers. Parades nearly every night, and last Sunday all traffic was stopped, and all soldiers and volunteers paraded and bands. And there are such a lot of French gone to the war from Winnipeg that it said in our paper you could not find a Frenchman in Winnipeg between the ages of twenty-one and forty."—ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

THE STAINED GLASS AT RHEIMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph looking into one of the doorways of Rheims Cathedral. It shows how well the Huns did their work. As yet there is no definite news of the stained glass. There is a story told of a child sitting, for the first time in his life, in some French church, awed by the great rose window facing him, when all at once the organ burst into music, and "it seemed to him," he said, "as if the window spoke." This tale was told by Lewis Day, and we must hope, as the accounts of the great barbarism are not clear, that the rose window at Rheims has not spoken its Nunc Dimittis to the sound of German guns. Some at least of the superb glass has gone; very likely the grisaille in the clerestories and some of those striking and unusual windows in which richly coloured figures are set in a frame of grisaille. Rheims was a treasure house of jewelled light. The windows are coarser in their art than those at Chartres, but irreplaceable, and some of them with their hot red blaze of colour burn themselves into the visitor's memory. But it is the western rose which none



INTERIOR OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL TO-DAY.

could forget. It was not that its design told any story of saint or angel; no one could read the message that the artist had to give. It was just a mystic rose, the middle blazing with red and orange which shaded off towards the rim into cool greens and tender yellows. It is not inappropriate to remember that for many a long year everything that is base and crude and garish in the art of the glass-painter has been summed up in the name of Munich, which has done more to defile the Catholic Churches of Europe, even of Ireland, with hideous windows than can be imagined. Perhaps it was some cultured artilleryman of Munich who directed the fire against the glass at Rheims.—C. G.

KILLING ALGAE WITH COPPER SULPHATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am interested in a small artificial pond in which there are fish. The trouble is that in summer the pond becomes very green with algae. Can this pond be treated with "chloros" or sulphate of copper so as to stop the algae forming and yet not kill the fish? The pond is the feature of a very beautiful rock garden, and is entirely made of cement, with practically no fresh water running in it in summer. I should be obliged if you could help me in the matter.—H. C. H.

[Copper sulphate, if applied to the water at the rate of one part to 1,000,000 parts of water, by weight, will kill the scum and will not injure goldfish. It is necessary to carefully calculate the cubic contents of the pond, and the weight of the water should be reckoned as 62 1-3lb. to the cubic foot. The copper sulphate can either be dissolved in water and then sprayed on to the surface, or tied in a bag and drawn through the water until dissolved. If spraying is adopted, keep the solution away from water-lily leaves or other desirable aquatic vegetation.—ED.]

THE INTELLIGENT BARGE HORSE.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I took the enclosed photograph a few days ago at Flatford Bridge.



JUMPING A FENCE ON THE TOWING PATH.

porch in your issue of September 12th reminds me of another porch a few miles from here which is even more interesting. This is the south porch of High Halden Church, near Tenterden, of which I enclose photographs taken from front and side. The cusped barge-board of the

The plinth, now weather-boarded, may have originally been timber studding with plaster panels. Unfortunately, this has not stood so well as the front of the structure. In a volume of drawings of ancient woodwork by W. Twopenny, published in 1859, there are several drawings of timber church porches but none more interesting than this at High Halden.—NATHANIEL LLOYD, Great Dixter, Sussex.

LITTLE WENHAM HALL.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Regarding the article in your issue of the 12th ult. concerning Little Wenham Hall, to those who may be interested in the subject the following may serve to throw some light on the apparent uncertainty attached to the actual building of the Hall and the original occupiers of the same. I have seen it written somewhere that the Brewse initiative is supported by that family's armorial device of the "cross croiset" being in evidence at Little Wenham. I do not know if such evidences are in existence, but in any event such an assumption ignores the fact that arms containing a similar device were, at the period during which the Hall was built, borne by the Holbrooks, viz., a chevron between ten crosses croiset. Petronella, daughter of Sir John de Vaux (or Vallibus), as *widow* of William de Nerford, married John de Holbrooke (not Roger, as the article in question seems to imply). In referring to the name of Petronella and its connection with the Saint to whom the chapel was dedicated, I would observe that the mother of Sir John de Vaux was named "Petronel," a daughter of Guy Lord Creon (Brit. Mus. Add MS., 19,153). As to the year 1371 being the earliest date when the Hall was first occupied, there is evidence of certain grants of land by John and Petronella de Holbrooke being attested at Wenham sixty-four years before that date, and it is, I think, reasonable to assume—the Hall being then in existence—that their home was there at that time. Although subsequently held by the Holbrooks (prior to the Debenhams and Brewses) there would appear to be every reason for accepting the view that John de Vallibus (or Oliver, his father) was the builder, the question of the "cross croiset" notwithstanding.—W. G. HOLBROOK.

[The above letter, although interesting, does not take us further in establishing who was the thirteenth century builder of Wenham. A reference to the article shows that Mr. Crisp's note, there quoted, does not say that Petronella de Vaux married Roger Holbrook, nor does it say that the year 1371 was "the earliest date when the hall was first occupied." No one knows better than Mr. Crisp that the Hall was built in the thirteenth century—for occupation by someone, no doubt. He inclines to think this may have been, not Sir John de Vaux, owner of the manor till 1286, but Roger de Holbrook, who held under him; it is a matter of conjecture. Mr. Crisp merely mentions the date 1371 as the earliest when we have documentary evidence of the name of an occupier.—ED.]

FRENCH AND ENGLISH BANK NOTES.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—It might interest you to see a French 1fr. note, and compare the printing of this with the extraordinarily bad printing of our £1 and 10s. notes. The



SOUTH PORCH, HIGH HALDEN CHURCH.



SHOWING THE ORIGINAL ARCADING.

hood. The side view not only shows one side of the clearly, but the original cusped heads and tracery of the arcading. The mullions and other timber-work below this cusping are modern.



HANDY AND WELL PRINTED.

French note is of a very convenient size, far more comfortable for handling than our own productions.—E. H.

TO RID A DOG OF VERMIN.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I notice in your issue of September 5th the article on Airedales, and should be much obliged if you could inform me how I could rid a puppy (nine months) of fleas and lice. I have tried several of the so-called disinfectant soaps and also Keating's Powder, but they do not seem to do any good. The dog lives in the house, and it is, of course, most objectionable seeing him continually scratch as he now does.—A. G. B.

[Make an emulsion of one part of milk to two of kerosene oil by first heating the milk and then mixing. Shake thoroughly. This is almost a certain destroyer of all noxious insects. Dress thoroughly and repeat several times, as some eggs may remain and hatch out. It is almost unnecessary to say that attention should be given to the sleeping quarters. Let the dog lie on a piece of old carpet, which can be burned or washed in hot water. If he has a box, sprinkle this with paraffin occasionally. Groom daily.—ED.]